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Diary of the Week.

BEFORE dinner, on Thursday, the Lords read, without dividing, the amended Parliament Bill. How far will they insist on these amendments when the House of Commons deletes them, as it will, on Monday? Lord Lansdowne's language on this point is studiously ambiguous. "Some, at all events, of the amendments which we have introduced into the Bill are so essential that we should certainly not be prepared to recede from them in substance, so long as we remain free agents." This declaration leaves ample loopholes of escape. But, of course, the Government cannot look at the amendments to Clauses 1 and 2, which even Lord Lansdowne must regard as essential. The phrase about free agents opens up a nice casuistical discussion. Is a man acting as a free agent who yields to menace, or must the actual force be brought to bear before he yields? The war note in the speech of the veteran Lord Halsbury was more to the taste of the House. He and Lord Willoughby de Broke pledge themselves to divide the House if the dis-amended Bill is sent back to them. There will, we gather, be strong backing for this action. Though Lord Lansdowne is evidently prepared to go pretty far in concession, there seems no possibility of an agreed settlement.

MEANWHILE rumors from various quarters assign to Mr. Asquith the intention of making fifty Peers at once, as an earnest of the larger measure to which he is empowered to have recourse as soon as it is required. Such a show of force may, it is thought, assist Lord Lansdowne to recognise that he has ceased to be a "free agent." But though cautious politicians still disbelieve in the "fight to a finish," urged by Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the "Observer," and "The Morning Post," there is quite a "sporting chance" that these hot-heads may get their way. The "Times," long on the fence, comes down reluctantly upon the side of the "Spectator" and "discretion." If a creation of Peers is necessary, Liberal opinion strongly favors a number adequate to enable His Majesty's Government to be carried on without obstruction.

Mr. GEORGE never displayed to greater advantage his qualities of tact and courage than in dealing with the amendments pressed upon him at the beginning of this week. The case for allowing sick pay in addition to maternity pay for insured married women was, of course, irresistible, and the granting of sick pay to child contributors under sixteen, with a raising of the rates of benefits for young persons between eighteen and twenty-one, was hardly less imperative. On the other hand, the demand that sick pay should date from the first instead of the fourth day of the illness, though strongly argued by the friendly societies, was rightly refused, not merely or mainly for financial reasons. The strong feeling which the Chancellor entertains against opening the door to "sponging" or "malingering" found convincing expression in a very grave and eloquent appeal on Tuesday night to members to resist the temptation to popularise themselves with their constituents by voting for the removal of what "they know in their hearts to be proper safeguards and guarantees for the working of the Bill."

THE occasion of this particular appeal was an amendment, quite plausible, if considered apart from its consequences, to suspend the two-thirds wage-limit for benefits to low-paid workers. It is true that in many such cases, especially of women workers, the two-thirds maximum, if enforced, means a payment very insufficient for family maintenance. But it is none the less true that any relaxation of the two-thirds limit would unquestionably prove a large incentive to malingering. Here is a painful dilemma for which the Bill could provide no escape. It is indisputable that the Bill can do less for the poorer than for the better-to-do workers. Half the effective points made against the measure are due to the truth that "the poverty of the poor is their undoing."

BUT while the House is with Mr. George in his endeavors to check malingering and to conserve as far as possible the solvency of his measure, a feeling is growing, by no means confined to the Labor Benches, that it is, as Mr. G. Harwood too bluntly put it, "an aristocratic Bill." This feeling found its strongest expression when, on Wednesday night, the Government refused an amendment exempting insured persons who had fallen into

arrears through unemployment or other misfortune from the obligation to pay up the employers' arrears as well as their own in order to resume their claim to benefits. Mr. George's contention that, as a business proposition, this was impracticable, was met by an insistence on the part of his critics that the insurance scheme, either as a whole or in its parts, was not defensible as a purely "business proposition." So warmly was this criticism pressed from various quarters of the House that Mr. George was fain to make an urgent appeal to members to recognise that the carrying of the amendment might involve "defeat of the Bill itself." Nevertheless, the Government majority fell to forty-seven.

THE Moroccan intrigue has gone for a time under ground, but the German ships are still at Agadir, and the "conversations" continue. It is now definitely known by semi-official indiscretions, that what Germany demands as the price of her withdrawal from Agadir is nothing less than the cession of the greater part of the French Congo and the surrender of France's option on the Belgian Congo. The coveted province is the wealthy and populous Gabon country, which lies between the German Cameroons and the Congo river, and includes the thriving port of Libreville. The hinterland, thus left to France, would become isolated and almost worthless. The claim is so extravagant that one can with difficulty believe that it is seriously made. Indeed, French opinion tends to think that this absurd alternative is put forward only by way of inducing France to consent to the German acquisition of Agadir and the Sus Valley. This cynical manoeuvre involves an appreciable lowering of international morality, such as it is; but we fail to see how British interests are affected. If Agadir became a German naval port, the only consequence would be to end the present formidable concentration of German naval forces in the North Sea.

THERE is once more a Persian question. The late Shah has suddenly reappeared among the Northern Turcoman tribes, and demands his throne. The day before the publication of this news the "Novoe Vremya" printed a menacing article, talking of the anarchy in Persia, and threatening intervention. The news, of course, was received in Russian official circles with well-simulated surprise, but it is difficult not to connect it with the newspaper threat, for which there was no other obvious justification. It will be remembered that when the Nationalist army took Teheran, the Shah was received as a refugee in the Russian Legation. Russia and Great Britain consented to his deposition, gave a joint guarantee that he should not return, and on this condition secured for him a large subsidy. He settled as a sort of guest-prisoner in the Crimea. He had been allowed to go for his health to baths near Vienna. He must have returned to Persia across Russian territory, and landed on the Persian shores of the Caspian in a Russian boat. Had he been a revolutionary under surveillance, the Russian police would, we think, have known of his movements.

RUSSIA will not, of course, be so maladroit as to propose his restoration. Such help as she may give him will be more or less concealed, as was the assistance in money and arms which he received during the civil war. Her tactics will obviously be to argue (as the "Novoe Vremya" does) that Persia is in a state of anarchy, which calls for intervention. In point of fact the outlook in Persia was particularly hopeful. The new Regent continues to win golden opinions. The Mejlis

is said to be working in a business-like way. It has conceded to the American financial experts lent by Mr. Taft full and indeed almost autocratic powers over all its revenue, expenditure and book-keeping. Swedish officers had been engaged to train the gendarmerie, and the command of this service had just been offered to a British officer, lately an attaché in Teheran, who had won the regard of the Persians. We presume that Sir Edward Grey retains some power of veto over Russian interventions, and public opinion will expect him to use it.

THE Albanian question is still in a condition of formidable suspense. It is now known beyond a doubt that Edhem Pasha was severely defeated not far from Ipek, and himself wounded; his assailants were Moslem tribesmen. One consequence of this rebel success should be to open a road for supplies to some of the Catholic tribes which were blockaded and in danger of starvation. But 10,000 non-combatants are still being starved in the pestilent marshlands of the Bragumatia, and about the same number of refugees are living on the generous hospitality of Montenegro. There is some ferment in the South, but it does not yet amount to anything like a rebellion. The real danger is lest Montenegro should be drawn into the conflict, unless the Turks are prepared to offer terms of peace which suggest good faith. The evidence accumulates that they have behaved in their devastations with all their wonted barbarity. The correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" reports, with definite details, many gross cases of the violation of women (including a nun), and tells how two children were thrown into the flames of a burning house—a report confirmed in our hearing by an English traveller who had questioned some Turkish soldiers who saw the outrage.

OUR anticipation of last week that the Anglo-Japanese alliance would be modified by the insertion of a clause absolving either ally from the obligation to make war on any third Power to whom he is bound by a treaty of arbitration, was confirmed on Monday by the publication of the text of the renewed treaty. This is the only change of much consequence. The reference to Korea is naturally omitted since Japan has annexed it. The reference to India is also dropped, presumably because we have, meanwhile, re-insured India at Persia's expense in the Anglo-Russian agreement. For the rest, the treaty is renewed for ten years, the price presumably which we pay to Japan for withdrawing the assistance that we might otherwise have been compelled to give her against the United States. One amusing consequence of the treaty is that it has immediately suggested to Russia the desirability of concluding with us a general Treaty of Arbitration. This idea is fathered by that well-known pacifist organ, the "Novoe Vremya!" Japan would, by such a step, be isolated once more, and the Alliance would become, in effect, a dead letter.

IN a vigorous letter addressed to Mr. Muldoon, the newly-returned member for East Cork, Mr. Redmond reaffirms his conviction that "Home Rule for Ireland has at its back the goodwill of the overwhelming majority of the British people," and that a full measure of Home Rule "will be introduced into Parliament at the commencement of next year, and will be carried by an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons." He repudiates the libel that Home Rule for Ireland is merely a matter of £.s.d., and cites, as a remarkable circumstance, the fact that Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Healy, and Mr. William O'Brien should put

forward the same objections on the subject of Home Rule. Designed primarily to influence public opinion in Ireland, this manifesto, uttered on the very eve of the final struggle with the Lords, will doubtless be represented by Unionists in our by-elections as the cracking of the master's whip. But those in closest touch with the constituencies recognise that the endeavors of English Conservatives to resuscitate the old passion against Home Rule will fail. The economic as well as the religious objections have lost their sting, and the ordinary English voter assigns Home Rule the next place in the procession of political events after the destruction of the Veto.

A WOULD-BE humorist named Aristippus was allowed by the "Times" last Tuesday a column of gibes at the expense of the expected batch of new peers. His witty quality may be tested by his proposal that the title conferred upon them should be that of Count. "For these gentlemen are to be turned into noblemen, mainly, if not solely, in order that they may 'count' in the division lobby." This delicate bit of drollery is followed by playful allusions to the price at which in good King James's days "baronets of Nova Scotia" were for sale. So we proceed to the inevitable jest upon the watered stock in the Transatlantic marriage market, with a final fling of comicality to the effect that "even in the year 2211 the Count will still be found suffering contumely as a kind of second pantaloons in the Christmas harlequinades." Who Aristippus may be we are not concerned to guess, but his clumsy insolence will cause readers to refresh their memories with dips into the origin of many a noble house, and with many a recent record which fails to conform to the standard of "thoroughly good men" which Aristippus sneeringly admits for the Radical Counts, "men beyond the reach of sordid want, men of an unimpeachable sobriety, men who have never bilked a tradesman, or been mulcted over a paternity summons."

MR. T. E. HARVEY, Mr. C. Bathurst, and Mr. Silvester Horne are introducing into the House of Commons, on behalf of the Educational Settlement Committee, an Elementary Education Bill, the chief provisions of which are to the following effect: Council schools are to be made accessible to all children in rural or urban areas. Facilities are to be provided for the transfer of voluntary schools by agreement, under conditions which safeguard the position of the existing staff of teachers, and secure attention to the wishes of parents. Religious tests for teachers are to be abolished, but the local education authority is "either itself to provide religious instruction in the Bible and in the principles of the Christian religion, or to afford facilities for the provision in the schoolhouse for the giving by authorised persons of religious instruction, whether of a special character or not, to those children whose parents desire them to receive it."

THE appointment of Mr. E. H. Pickersgill to the Metropolitan Police Magistracy, vacated by Mr. Cluer, removes from the field of practical politics a man of singular industry, integrity, and independence, whose career in the House of Commons, though not of the first order of distinction, has been one of great and incompletely recognised utility. The resignation of his seat opportunely furnishes a gate by which it is confidently hoped that Mr. Masterman may, after a brief intermission, resume his Parliamentary career, as Member for South-West Bethnal Green. Adopted as candidate this week, Mr. Masterman has thrown himself with his

accustomed vigor into what will be a short, sharp, and significant struggle, through which the electorate of a working-class constituency is privileged to register the fixed determination of the people to crush the hereditary enemies of popular rule. The words of Mr. Masterman's address will be the cry of battle and of victory in the final conflict of the coming week. "This is a life-and-death struggle for the very existence of a Progressive Party in England. We have a right to appeal to men of all parties or of none against the defiance by the Lords of the declared will of the people, which is both unconstitutional and revolutionary."

THE powerful influence exercised by Dr. Hermann Adler, whose death has just taken place, over the Jewish community was more largely due to the charm and authority of his personality than to his formal status as ecclesiastical head of the Jewish faith in the British Empire. Indeed the office of the Chief Rabbinate dates no further back than 1870, and the great growth of foreign Jewish settlers in East London, and in other great centres of industry, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and elsewhere, has lain outside his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The narrower orthodoxy brought in by the large influx from Eastern Europe has expressed itself in a certain severance between the congregations, while the Reform Jews, on the other hand, have erected meeting-places of their own in most of the large towns. It seems, therefore, likely that, with the death of Dr. Adler, the Office of Chief Rabbi itself will be extinguished.

IT is only a few weeks since the Prime Minister promoted Dr. Talbot to the Bishopric of Winchester, and this prelate has already signalised his entry upon his new office by depriving the Dean of Magdalen College, Oxford, the Rev. J. M. Thompson, of his licence to officiate. It seems that Mr. Thompson, a short time ago, published a small volume on the "Miracles of the New Testament," in which he arrives at conclusions which differ considerably from the old traditional conceptions. But Mr. Thompson's book is a book for scholars, and it would only have been seemly if the Bishop of Winchester had respected the freedom of learning and left Mr. Thompson's book to be answered by scholars. But the Bishop of Winchester, as Visitor of Magdalen College, is of a different opinion. He believes in force, and, without a trial or judicial proceedings of any kind, he has endeavored to destroy Mr. Thompson's career. Had Mr. Thompson held any benefice, however small, such arbitrary proceedings would have been impossible; and it shows a singular want of magnanimity that the Bishop should take advantage of the fact that Mr. Thompson is unbeneficed and, without trial or redress, brand him as unfit to hold office in the Church.

MR. JOHN BURNS had tidings of comfort for the delegates attending the Conference upon the Prevention of Consumption last Wednesday. He showed that, as the result of preventive and curative measures, a considerable reduction in mortality from tuberculosis was already taking place. "In the last ten years in England and Wales tuberculosis had diminished 19 per cent., in Scotland 24 per cent., in Ireland 24 per cent., in Germany 18 per cent., in London 30 per cent., in Berlin 24 per cent., and in Paris only 3 per cent." This improvement had been concurrent with a proportionate decline of the general death-rate, and with a decline of alcoholism. "All these declines were coincident with better housing, improved education, the social improvement of the people, and their moral elevation."

Politics and Affairs.

DEFIANCE OR SUBMISSION?

THE House of Lords has thrown back upon the Commons the Parliament Bill, carved into a fantastic record of its own recent follies and misdeeds. Each of its unconstitutional demands has been incorporated in the amendments designed to change the Bill from the measure which last December the electorate approved into the measure which, put before them as an alternative, was then rejected. As Lord Morley so forcibly insisted, none of the substance of the recent encroachments of the Lords upon the powers of the Commons has been abandoned by the formal acceptance of this mutilated Bill. We are told indeed by the "Times" that the Lords "have acquiesced in the reservation to the Commons of exclusive authority over Money Bills." This is not the case. Their amendment against "tacking," read in the light of their debate, bestows upon their new Joint Committee, a body outside of and above the Commons, a power to over-rule the Speaker, and remove from the category of Money Bills any measure said to carry some ulterior motive of policy apart from its finance. Since money is always needed and expended for some other than a merely financial end, it is evident that they have in express intention abandoned nothing of the preposterous claim by which they rejected the 1909 Budget. They could, and perhaps would, do it again under this amended Bill with the help of their Joint Committee.

Then we are told that "The Lords have also accepted the large curtailment of their power over general legislation which the Parliament Bill effects." No such thing. They have expressly excluded from the legislative powers of the Commons a number of measures affecting the Constitution, introducing by parenthesis a distinction between constitutional and other legislation unknown to our political history. But the supreme act of their audacity is contained in the amendment empowering the Committee to withhold from the jurisdiction of Parliament any measure "of great gravity upon which the judgment of the country had not been sufficiently ascertained." This simply means that the right of Parliament to pass any measure of importance would be transferred to a little body of eminent men of conservative instincts and associations, from whose decision there would be no appeal, except through the inconvenient machinery of the Referendum. A Conservative Government would pass all its measures unchecked, as heretofore. Every measure brought forward by a Liberal Government would be challenged on the ground that the judgment of the country had not been taken on it. After the long preliminary delay of three rejections by the Lords, it would be subjected to the further ordeal of a popular vote, or thrown over to another Parliament upon the chance that the Joint Committee might then admit that it had received a popular endorsement, for which our electoral methods make no possible provision. These amendments simply register the inroads upon the accepted usages of our Constitution which the recent conduct of the Lords has made. They are not weapons of defence, as they pretend, but of aggression. Were they

accepted, the control over taxation and expenditure would be removed from the elected representatives, passing to a small new-fangled bureaucracy, while the novel demand of Lord Lansdowne, that it was a function of the Peers to test the popular mandate for the measures claimed by the Government, would receive constitutional endorsement. We are the Constitutionalists; they are the Revolutionists. The Parliament Bill merely affirms and secures those powers which every sober constitutionalist a decade ago would have conceded without a qualm, retaining for the Lords those rights of revision and delay which remained to them as the relics of an ampler legislative past. The amendments introduce two novel instruments into the Constitution for the express purpose of nullifying the power of the popular will to express itself, as in the past, through the instrument of a general election. Our Constitution has entrusted the Government with the right and obligation to legislate freely upon questions of great gravity, whether specifically presented to the electorate or not. No political party in the past has ever admitted itself to be confined either to a single predominant issue, or to any set of issues, on the ground that no explicit mandate had been given it to deal with any others.

Liberals, at any rate, have made up their minds upon these fundamental principles, and are willing and eager to bring the matter to a final issue. They will watch with interest, but without anxiety, the unfolding of the last scene of the drama. It rests, not with the Government, but with the Lords to determine what mode of submission consorts most with their dignity and with the future interests of their order and of the party to which they are attached. The House of Commons will reject *en bloc* the vital amendments of this Bill. It is suggested in some well-informed quarters that a batch of fifty peers will be at once created, as an earnest of the ability and the intention of the Government to use the only method possible to overcome the contumacy of the Lords. Then, after the decent interval of a penitential week, should the Lords remain refractory, the full measure of Liberal peers required to pass the Bill would be created. There no longer lingers in the breasts of Conservatives any doubt as to the reality of the guarantees. It has, indeed, always been quite incredible that our Constitutional Monarch should fail to perform his duty. The Conservatives who favor fighting to a finish do not now deny that we can get our "puppet," "blackleg," "harlot peers." They would force the Government to a step which would, as they imagine, overwhelm us with ridicule, and which they assert we shrink from taking. They are, of course, mistaken. The rank and file of Liberals in this country see nothing ridiculous in sending to the Upper House a stout battalion of eminent professional and business men in order to restore self-government to the people. They have no feeling whatever that this necessary and salutary action will be an outrage to the sanctities of our social order. So far from seeking to avoid the creation of peers, the ordinary Liberal would, in his secret heart, probably prefer this finish to the tamer collapse, which is its only alternative. We read with amazement and amusement the silly rhodomontade in which Mr.

F. E. Smith and the "Morning Post" urge defiance on the timid members of their party. "The life of the Coalition will not last for ever; there are already signs of dissension and disintegration. In that case a broad brush may be drawn across the past, and a constitutional party expel from an order men who were selected to debauch it." "These batches of infamy may be left to await their fate at the hands of an electorate which possesses some sense for honor, some regard for dignity in public life, and some capacity for a just indignation." Mr. Smith and his friends, however, do not explain by what constitutional or revolutionary process they will get rid of the new peers whom the King will have duly appointed.

In conclusion, we express one opinion and one hope. Our opinion is that the House which swallowed Mr. Lloyd George's Budget after rejecting it, will follow the same discreet, if somewhat ignominious, policy in dealing with the Parliament Bill. Always a little resentful of the valorous promptings of outsiders, they will, in the last resort, we think, consult the interests of their order, preferring the short drink of hemlock to the longer water cure. Our hope is that, if the Government are compelled to have resort to political force, they will not confine themselves to a niggardly creation of peers, based upon the unreliable evidence of the voting in the Lords' Committee stage. The people will desire to see a sufficiently large number of Liberal peers not only to enable the Government to carry through this Bill safely against any possible rally of the Opposition, but to secure that the other important measures which are in early contemplation—in particular, Home Rule—shall pass into law without unnecessary delay.

PREVENTION AND INSURANCE.

As the detailed discussion of the Insurance Bill opens out in Committee, it brings home the grave difficulties which beset the application of the compulsory insurance policy to the weaker members of the industrial community. An illuminating detail occupied the House on Wednesday, when the Government was barely saved from defeat by a strong party appeal from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The issue was only one on which the Government's attitude was defensible upon the ground of the straitness of its money resources. The Bill provides that where a contributor falls into arrears through prolonged unemployment, he may win his way into a friendly society by paying the arrears due not merely from himself but from his employer. The hardness of this provision was keenly felt by the House. It is easy to picture the plight of this unlucky workman, idle, through no fault of his own, for many months on end—a miner, for example, who may have been on strike in such a long trial of endurance as this Welsh dispute, or a painter thrown out of work in a period of depression and unable to reinstate himself until the "boom" begins again. He is almost inevitably broken in health. His benefit is exhausted before the end of his need. He is in debt all round to tradesmen and to landlord.

He cannot choose his moment for re-commencing his sick-insurance contribution; the State stands behind him with its compulsory machinery. But he can get back into his friendly society only by paying double arrears, and making good what a non-existent employer ought to have paid for him while he was out of work. The task is too great, and he sinks inevitably into the unsatisfactory status of a Post-Office contributor. But, apart from this special difficulty, it is such a provision as this that must accentuate the main defect of the Bill—its tendency to confer its most valuable boon upon the aristocracy of labor and the lower middle class, while the casual and the sweated worker, the "poor lives" and the struggling, half-submerged families are saddled with relatively heavier burdens for much less valuable benefits.

This particular blemish on the scheme was defended on the ground that it would not be "a business proposition" for the State to make good the arrears due from the employer. But the State is not going into the business of insurance as it goes into the business of a postal service to make a profit by it or even to pay its way. It is making a large endowment from taxation in order to improve the health and check some of the more easily preventable miseries of the community. The reasoning behind this great expenditure of public money is that the existence of a great mass of the physically unfit, always inefficient, always tending to bequeath its physical inefficiency to the next generation, and constantly recruiting the ranks of the destitute from the broken files of the sick, is a menace to national well-being and an immeasurable handicap to national progress. It is not only the duty of the State to provide bonuses for the thrifty and the respectable. It is its duty and interest to raise a submerged class whose very existence is a peril, and to prevent those above it from falling into it. No man in public life has preached this gospel with more insistence and more enthusiasm than Mr. George. But it is increasingly evident that he is hampered by the machinery with which he has felt called upon to work. The further the House proceeds with this Bill, the more doubtful does it seem whether the endowment of the friendly societies was the best use to make of the large but limited sum of money available. From the standpoint of the community, the children are at once the most easily reached, and, when we think of national progress, the most important section of the community. It is unsatisfactory to reflect that this Bill, save in the first four weeks of life does nothing for children until they become "young persons," working for wages. Again, save during their confinement, unless they be industrial workers, it does nothing for the mothers of the next generation. The father, as the bread-winner, is no doubt the industrial pillar of the community. But the mother is the fountain of life, and the child is the next generation. Yet, for a sum, small in proportion to the whole contribution of the State, it might have been possible by grants to local authorities to transform the health and physical efficiency at least of the lower strata of the working class. In a few towns there are already municipal milk-depôts, with a whole mechanism of aid and education for mothers attached to them. In others, there are school-clinics,

starved for the most part for want of funds, but still achieving enough to make one hopeful that most of the cruder evils of physical deficiency are really preventable. The scheme indeed aims at fulfilling one-half of the duties of a national health service. It comes to the rescue of the bread-winner at moments when he might, if unaided, sink through sickness and drag his family with him into the morass of destitution. But it does relatively much less to ensure that the next generation shall be born of healthy mothers, and nothing at all to watch, where care is so easy and so inexpensive, over the healthy growth of the children themselves.

Closer criticism shows us that these defects are graver than at first appeared. At the outset it was indeed evident that a compulsory contributory scheme could not work out so well for the low-paid and less regular workers as for the better paid and more regular. But it now appears questionable whether larger sections of the workers than was contemplated will not be drawn by stress of circumstances into the category of Post-Office contributors whose meagre benefits may hardly balance the probable reduction of their expenditure on necessities involved in the weekly contribution. The difficulties disclosed here are so serious that we are disposed to think that the Government would have been wiser to have planned a first stage of its insurance policy upon a basis which frankly repudiated all claim to universality, dealing first with the easier portion of its task and reserving for early additional treatment the insurance of those classes from whom no reliable or sufficient contribution of any size can be safely extracted.

One compensation there is, perhaps, in the very defects of this starting-point. The burden, we believe, will be so great, the cost of the scheme so serious, and the pressure to enlarge it (especially in the interests of children and women) ultimately so irresistible, that the State will be driven, in the mere pursuit of economy, to turn in earnest to the task of prevention. When the recurrence of preventable disease, and the coming to maturity of defective children are felt to be an intolerable burden on the community, measurable in money that can be counted, these neglected tasks will be faced. It will be imperative to supplement sick insurance by preventive hygiene. The provision for sanatoria for tubercular diseases is, indeed, already a welcome recognition of this duty. But nothing adequate and nothing systematic can be done, so long as the local Insurance Committees are maintained in isolation or in possible rivalry with the County Health Committees. The logical trend of such an experiment as this must be to create one uniform service of public health with prevention as its main end, and relief only as its secondary duty.

THE CUSTOMARY RIGHTS OF THE POOR.

Two very important decisions have been given in the last week by the House of Lords: one affecting the rights of the fishermen who make their living on Lough Neagh in the North of Ireland; the other those of freeholders of the Manor of Wimelow, who have hitherto exercised the rights of fishing in the River Wye. In both cases the decision was the decision of a bare majority of the

Judges. The cases are of great importance and of profound historical and social interest.

The main facts of the English case are these. Lord Chesterfield, whose name has hitherto been more familiar to the public than his personality, brought an action to restrain certain fishermen from fishing in the River Wye. The trial came on before Mr. Justice Neville in 1908. It was shown that for the last three centuries the freeholders of the manor in the parishes adjoining the river had fished for salmon openly; attempts had been made to restrain them during the last century but without success. Mr. Justice Neville decided for the fishermen, but when the case was taken to the Appeal Court, the fishermen lost, the Court maintaining that such a right as was held to have been established, to take without stint for commercial purposes, was unknown in the law. The Court could not presume a grant giving the freeholders the right they claimed. There was a further appeal to the House of Lords, and the decision was given on Monday last. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Ashbourne, and Lord Shaw of Dunfermline were for the fishermen; Lord Gorell, Lord Halsbury, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Kinnear were for the landowners.

In the Irish case the action was brought to establish the exclusive rights of Lord Shaftesbury's lessees (it is curious what new associations old names have acquired in these two lawsuits) to all fishing in the largest inland lake in the United Kingdom—a lough of some twenty miles in length by fifteen miles in breadth, bounded by five counties and navigable throughout—for a term of 5,000 years from July, 1905. The persons to be excluded were eight-hundred fishermen exercising their calling on Lough Neagh. In nearly every case these fishermen represent a line of families who, from generation to generation, have followed this occupation, publicly fishing and earning their livelihood upon Lough Neagh. The Irish judge and the Irish Court of Appeal, who decided that Lord Shaftesbury's title, based on grants from the Crown, was established, conceded that the clansmen had fished from time immemorial in the Lough.

A great part of the discussion had to do with the original title of the English Crown, which the Law Lords in the minority held to be defective. But for the public the whole question reduces itself to this: That the Lough has been used by the public for fishing from time immemorial; that a great community of poor people have lived by that industry from father to son, from generation to generation, and that Lord Shaftesbury asks the judges to blot out that ancient right and destroy the livelihood of those families, on the strength of claims which are involved in all the doubts and clouds of confused and disputed transactions that occurred centuries ago. Three Judges refused: the Lord Chancellor, Lord Shaw, and Lord Robson. Four agreed: Lord Halsbury, Lord Ashbourne, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Dunedin.

These two cases may be said to be an epitome of English history. One after another the customary rights of the English poor were taken from them by the arbitrary decisions of lawyers who were only concerned for the defence of real property. Look at the ingenious care with which the prescriptive rights of the

poor are argued away. The plain truth of the matter was put broadly by the Lord Chancellor: "It has been proved beyond doubt that freeholders within five riparian parishes have been in the habit of fishing within this stretch of water for centuries, not by stealth or indulgence, but openly, continuously, as of right without interruption." This customary right is thus centuries old. The public rights on Lough Neagh date, in the Lord Chancellor's words, from time immemorial. Here there would seem to be an impregnable claim. Not at all. The lawyers are unable to presume or grant such a right as that exercised all these ages, and therefore it has no legal basis. This is the spirit of the famous decision in the Gateward case in 1603, described in Lord Eversley's excellent book, "Commons, Fields, and Forests." The inhabitants of Stixwold in Lincolnshire had an ancient customary right to turn out cattle on the waste of the manor; by this decision they were deprived of that right on the artificial ground that the inhabitants of a district were too vague a body to enjoy a right that could only attach to property. When Conservative lawyers are confronted with the fact that the poor have enjoyed a right for centuries, they discover that there is something inconceivable about it; something that cannot be reconciled with the formulas in which they set their theories. In the Irish case the right is disallowed because the Crown may, in the remote past, have made a grant to some potentate or another, and, though the right has been exercised for centuries, it disappears before these shadowy pretensions. How much of the land, we should like to know, which is held by the class in which Lord Chesterfield and Lord Shaftesbury are probably not peculiar, is held on so good a title as that which has given these families and their ancient lineage their livelihood? We do not speak for the moment of the elaborate thefts under formal Enclosure Acts, or the proceedings by which members of Parliament voted the land of the poor into each others' pockets. What of the footpaths, strips by the road, edges, and more than edges, of commons filched from the public by landowners even in the last half-century? The rights to such property repose on custom alone, and a custom not of centuries, but of a generation.

If we wanted to sum up the history of England in a single sentence, it would be no exaggeration to describe it as a society where life was largely based on customary rights, in which landlords and lawyers for some centuries have been withdrawing the shelter of custom from all rights except those of the rich. During the last fifty years men of great public spirit, like Lord Eversley, have been organising resistance to these predatory manœuvres, and though usurpation still goes on in the land, it is practised with less ease and frequency. Now the rich are turning their attention to the water. Their appetite for commons and wastes having been checked, they proceed to swallow up rivers and loughs. In comparison with Lord Shaftesbury, the armies of Xerxes merely took a sip of the rivers of Thessaly and Thrace. If the Government leaves the question here, all public rights of fishing will disappear all over the country. But it cannot. No Government that pretended to care for public

interests could omit to take action, and prompt action, to protect the nation from the latest depredations of the landlords and the water-lords.

LIBERALISM AND EGYPT.

WHATEVER may be its ultimate fruits, the appointment of Lord Kitchener to the post of Agent-General in Egypt is extremely well-fitted to set British Liberals upon making up their minds as to what our policy in Egypt ought to be. On the face of it, the appointment is one which might be expected from a Conservative Government, and for that reason is surprising as coming from a Liberal one. Not that the post is naturally one to be filled by a party man. Lord Cromer was a Unionist; Sir Eldon Gorst was a Conservative. But the appointment of an eminent military administrator to a post always held to appertain to the diplomatic service and this at a time when there is no pretence of military trouble in Egypt, is more readily suggestive of a wish to affirm and extend British power there than of a concern for that educative development of the Egyptian people, which must be held to be the Liberal ideal of our policy there, if we have any ideal in that direction at all.

Liberals must assume, of course, that there is no reactionary leaning on the part of the Government, though what may be termed a Liberal policy in Egypt is faced by peculiar difficulties. While Lord Cromer was in the saddle, the great majority of English Liberals were content, with the Conservatives, to let him take his own course. The Occupation—of which he himself had originally been an opponent—was a plain departure from the natural course of Liberal foreign policy; and nobody was ready with any theory of methods more precise than the vague undertaking to "prepare Egypt for self-government," which had repeatedly been given out by statesmen of both parties. It was the ugly explosion of Denshawai, in 1906, that first set many independent Liberals upon studying and understanding the Egyptian situation. British public opinion, always prone to an uncritical self-complacency in such matters, had been content with the reiterated recital of Lord Cromer's great services in respect of the regulation of the Egyptian finances, the development of Egypt's resources by extended irrigation, and the resulting prosperity. But when it was found that Lord Cromer, after securing the payment of regular interest to foreigners on the debt, was spending only £200,000 a year on the schooling of a people of more than eleven millions, while at home all parties professed to regard popular education as the first condition of national health, the old optimism was seen to be impossible for conscientious politicians. On the repeated confession of the British ruler, Egyptian crime was steadily on the increase; and a little scrutiny soon showed that the alleged improvement in the condition of the fellaheen was such as would content no reformer in any other civilised country. What had been secured was at best the minimum of decent justice demanded by British standards. Sanitation was as backward as education. Above all, no discernible progress whatever was being made

towards preparing the people in the most elementary way for self-government; and Lord Cromer's latest policy appeared to point definitely to the contrary ideal of administering Egypt on Indian lines, inasmuch as he was multiplying British officials in the Civil Service, and ousting natives to do it.

The first great difficulty in the way of a better policy was the scare set up by Lord Cromer of a "Pan-Islamic conspiracy." This menace was naturally cited by Sir Edward Grey as a reason for endorsing rather than overruling the policy of wholesale terrorism resorted to at Denshawai. Practically nothing more has been heard on the subject; but the temper and the interests which welcomed such a pretext in Egypt and at home remained ready to employ new forms of the same appeal to Imperialistic instincts—in other words, to the spirit of conquest and domination. When, accordingly, Sir Eldon Gorst, on his appointment, proceeded to carry out his instructions not merely by proclaiming anew the policy of "educating Egypt for self-government," but by actually giving Civil Service posts, wherever possible, to competent Egyptians, there was soon set on foot an organised campaign of virulent clamor against him.

This was the tragedy of his short career as Consul-General. Conservative in all his sympathies, he was anxious to be on good terms with the classes with whom he had hitherto acted—the British capitalists and the bureaucracy. To conciliate them, he censured the Nationalists, blaming indiscriminately the noisy extremists and the moderate men who had stipulated for the very reforms he was carrying out. But in offending the Nationalists he entirely failed to propitiate the British self-seekers of either order—the officials who wanted to have only British colleagues, and the capitalists who cared only to have a British administration which should give them the maximum of security for their present and future investments.

In these four years, nevertheless, Sir Eldon Gorst has maintained a policy of cautious reform, more beneficent than his own ideals would let him realise. Education has steadily gone ahead; crime has been reduced by a resort to methods recommended by natives and suited to native conditions; the great Moslem University and certain Moslem courts have been practically reformed; a new university on European lines has been at least founded; the Provincial Councils are working usefully, especially in furthering elementary education; Arabic is in process of being restored to its proper place in the higher education; a Department of Agriculture, much needed, has been established; and some real reforms have been set on foot in the conditions of some native industries. It was only the unfortunate tendency of British Imperialists to treat all signs of friction as proofs of miscarriage or failure in the political progress of a backward people that prevented Sir Eldon Gorst from recognising aright the measure of real success in his own administration.

The great question of the moment, then, is whether the cautious forward policy is or is not to continue. Last year, after the deplorable assassination of Boutros Pasha, and the disgraceful condonation of that act among the wilder Nationalists, Sir Edward Grey was felt to

be justified in his declaration that no further political progress could be made while the native clamor for evacuation continued. But that very declaration committed him to a steady resumption of progress when the clamor ceased. To say, "We shall do nothing more until you are quiet," is to undertake to do something when quiet prevails. And now it does. Egypt is to-day as tranquil as ever it has been since the Occupation began; and if all progress of a political kind is to remain suspended, the violent Nationalists will, in turn, be justified in declaring that England simply means to "sit tight" whether they are quiet or not.

If, then, Lord Kitchener has been chosen on the principle of setting an exceptionally strong man to a task where both prestige and strength are needed, and if he really fulfills that aim, his appointment will be abundantly justified. He is strong enough to disregard such clamor as assailed Sir Eldon Gorst, if the clamorers should dare—which is unlikely—to resume it.

But it cannot be too often repeated that the reactionists in Egypt and in England want and expect him to play the British dictator in the British interest. While Sir Eldon Gorst has put it as axiomatic that a population with only five per cent. of literates is incapable of self-government, the "Egyptian Gazette" brazenly insists that education is not for the fellaheen; and in that journal the other day a contributor explicitly contended for the annexation of Egypt to the British Empire to give any official countenance to such doctrines as these would be to trample under foot every decent pretence upon which we have hitherto controlled Egyptian administration. Such a purpose cannot be harbored for a moment by any Liberal Ministry; but it is obviously desirable that explicit assurances should be given coincidently with the new departure. And it would be still better if, at a time when a soldier is being put in supreme control in Egypt, there could be established an Advisory Committee, composed of men of Egyptian experience, outside the bureaucracy, who, without themselves possessing legislative or administrative power, could lay before the Consul-General considered schemes of reform.

The need for this will be clear to all Liberals who realise the nature of the Egyptian administration. The Consul-General, giving all-round supervision, cannot possibly discern and plan all the required measures of legislation, even if he be a legist; and his official subordinates are not the men to conceive and shape reforms. Egyptian Ministers are simple administrators under British control, and the Legislative Council has no power of initiative, despite all the rhetoric about the "rash extension of self-government." There is thus no fit machinery for the inception of reforms; and all the while the very backwardness of Egypt makes her need of reform positively greater than that of the more progressive countries. If that crying need were now met by the creation of an Advisory Committee which should be, as it were, an extension of the thinking and planning faculties of the Consul-General, imposing no limitation on his executive powers, the hazardous experiment of Lord Kitchener's appointment might be received with some hope by the friends of liberty.

Life and Letters.

JUDGES AS LAW MAKERS.

THE precise nature of the relations between our Legislature and the Judiciary is now-a-days being discussed with some asperity. In truth, a topic which had long been deemed fit only to exercise the wits of legal pedagogues has, of late, assumed a practical aspect and come within the range of practical controversy. It is suggested in some quarters that courts, under the influence of political or social bias, have usurped extraordinary powers and placed upon statutes an interpretation which is not conformable to the manifest intention of Parliament. On the other hand, certain judges, with the approval of considerable sections of the community, have taken exception to a delegation of judicial functions whereby the powers and jurisdiction of the courts of law have been ousted in favor of mere departmental authorities; as *e.g.*, under the Small Holdings Act, 1908, which gives to an order made by a public department the absolute finality and effect of an Act of Parliament. Comparatively recent statutes have extended, if they have not originated, the practice of imposing upon departments or officers of State the duty of deciding or determining questions of various kinds, sometimes even questions depending on matter of law alone. This we have on the authority of the present Lord Chancellor. A few months ago, one of the most learned of our Lords Justices spoke with some apprehension of the growing tendency of Government departments and Government officials to claim the right to act without regard to legal principles, and without appeal to any court. He cited specifically three cases, during the single year 1910, in which the Court of Appeal had found it necessary to apply a drastic check to such assumption of authority. "If ministerial responsibility were anything more than the mere shadow of a name," said he, "the matter would be less important; but, as it is, the courts are the only defence of the liberty of the subject against departmental aggression."

An address given by Lord Shaw of Dunfermline to the students of University College, and recently published in book form ("Legislature and Judiciary": Hodder & Stoughton), merits respectful consideration in connection with the complaints that have arisen as to modern "judge-made" laws. It amounts to a powerful vindication of such laws—an eloquent plea for judicial freedom of action. The judges, he declares, must work, not as bondmen, but as free. Now, it is often said, and in a sense it is true to say, that judges are incompetent to make law. Judges, wrote Bacon, ought to remember that their office is *jus dicere* and not *jus dare*: to interpret law and not to make or give law. But, as Bacon himself elsewhere explains, the narrow compass of human wisdom cannot take in all the cases which time may discover; and it is undoubted that, for centuries, there has existed a judicial practice whereby precedent has been turned into law. When or how the practice originated it is impossible to discover, but it is one that, in certain directions, has been attended with very beneficial results. Our merchant law is, indeed, nothing more than the usages of merchants and traders, ratified by decisions of judges before whom such usages have been proved. By far the greater part of the law administered in our civil courts is to be found only in this codeless myriad of precedent. Twenty-seven years ago, Charles Bowen, with his usual felicity of diction, put the matter thus:—

"Law is the application of certain rules to a subject matter which is constantly shifting. What is it? English life! English business! England in movement, advancing from a continuous past to a continuous future. National life, national business, like every other product of human intelligence and culture, is a growth—begins far away in the dim past, advances slowly, shaping and forming itself by the operation of purely natural causes."

But Lord Shaw detracts from the force of his eloquent philippic against the "humiliation of the judiciary" by some carping criticism of Bentham's proposals for the

codification of law. He tells us that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in Bentham's philosophy. This is true enough; but it would seem equally true that there are more things in Bentham's philosophy than are dreamt of by Lord Shaw. The Mosaic code is, in some respects, admirable; but the Mosaic law is not, as his Lordship derisively declares, "the Paradise of the Codifier." It might as well be said that a suburban County Court is the Paradise of the worshipper of judge-made laws. The principle of codification relates, indeed, to the form of the laws rather than to their substance, and Bentham was fully alive to its main defects. As he said himself, a single improper word in a constitutional code might prove a national calamity: "Out of one foolish word may start a thousand daggers." But had Bentham done nothing more than point out the way in which the law of England could best be applied to the needs of British India, "he would," says Professor Montague, "have rendered a distinguished service to his country and to mankind." It is open to Lord Shaw to maintain that Bentham's "rank heresy" has been triumphantly "exposed" by the American gentleman whom he cites at length; but there are still many English lawyers who believe that, in the present state of civilisation, a written code is better calculated than the common, or unwritten, law to obviate the cost, delays, and uncertainty of litigation. We say "unwritten law," though, in truth, there is no unwritten law, save such as lies latent in the breasts of the judges:—

"It is by reading, and by reading only, that the *lex non scripta*, as well as the statute law, is to be acquired; but, in the one case, we find the law expressing its commands in direct and positive terms, while in the other we can arrive at a knowledge of it only through its interpreters and oracles—the judges."

So wrote Romilly in the "Edinburgh Review" for November, 1817. Unwritten law is, indeed, nothing more than a wilderness of single instances to be sought in countless volumes. In more than one recent case, after examining many decisions in hopeless conflict with each other, a Divisional Court has established "the law," and, as so expounded, "the law" has been acted upon for a year or two, there being no appeal in the particular matter against a decision of the Divisional Court. Afterwards, by the device of bringing an action in the Chancery Division, the same point has been raised and finally decided by the House of Lords, who have declared "the law," as laid down by the Divisional Court, to be wrong. It would be a sorry code, indeed, that did not provide a better system than this.

All Europe knows the history of the Code Napoleon, and every English lawyer knows how litigation, delay, and expense have been avoided by the excellent codes enacted thirty years ago in relation to conveyancing and negotiable instruments. The code of Chief Justice Jervis, as supplemented by an Act of 1879, regulating the procedure in magisterial courts, has worked daily with the greatest success for more than a generation, has been applied in millions of cases, and it has not been found necessary to alter or repeal more than a dozen lines. Such codes, it is true, can only be prepared by skilled and experienced lawyers who have enjoyed extensive practice in the courts. The perfunctory product of Government clerks and Parliamentary draughtsmen could not, in the nature of things, prove adequate and complete. But the cost incurred would be far less than the amount wasted on one of the many commissions whose fruitless reports litter the public departments and lie,

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks,
In Vallombrosa."

THE SINCERITY OF MUSIC.

THERE are some themes which the Muses have reserved in the repertory of Parnassus for supreme genius. But it happens that the apprentices on the lower slopes creep at times into the unguarded treasury. Massenet, long years ago, accomplished the daring theft of Anatole France's creation of "Thaïs," and on Tuesday, for the

first time, Covent Garden gave his opera to English ears. A sense of coming disillusionment came upon one even before the curtain went up. The great space shouted in scarlet. The ladies of the stalls illuminated the garish background with their robes of royal blue. The vast theatre asserted itself with the plain prose of wealth and contentment, heightened by the after-glow of Empire and Coronation. One recalled with an effort the subtleties and the ironies of that incomparable romance. One saw it in fancy somehow constructing itself amid the glare of scarlet and electricity—a very early Cathedral, fantastic yet austere, with gargoyles that move and laugh as one gazes, curling their satyric tails around the pillars, climbing under the horrified gaze of faith above the arches, crawling through the dim windows and creeping at last into the choir itself, until their laughter, growing in volume and audacity, breaks into the Office and shatters the Amen in a fugal carnival of dissonance—a cathedral which the gargoyles have invaded and desecrated and eaten up with their toothless jaws of stone. But against the background of scarlet, the haunted cathedral of fancy and wit declined to construct itself.

The curtain rose and the music began, persisted as it began, and ended as it had persisted, a stream of gentle, pleasant, and rather sentimental prose. One need hardly describe it. It was "Thaïs" simplified, selected, boiled to an essence for the uses of the opera. The story indeed was all there. One saw the sainted Paphnuce (he had become Athanael for the exigencies of rhythm) visited among the hermits of the desert by the profane recollection of the sins and beauty of Thaïs. One followed his fanatic's pilgrimage to Alexandria to wrest the lovely sinner from the snares and triumphs of the flesh. One witnessed the luxuries and sensualities of the wicked city. Thaïs, for no obvious reason, succumbed to his preaching, and one saw the strange pair escape from the city of destruction, and the lovely Thaïs, incarnation of Helen and priestess of Aphrodite, immured, happy and benign, among the white nuns of the desert. And then, punctually enough, the vision of her seductions pursued the troubled hermit, and he set out once more to find her, knowing this time that it was the body and not the soul that he desired. He found her dying, and he made, amid her saintly ecstasies, his profane declaration of a carnal love. The story, with the necessary abbreviations, was just as Anatole France had told it. The music duly illustrated the libretto. It was competent and pleasing enough where its duty was to illustrate. It fitted apt themes, which somehow glide comfortably out of the memory, to the appropriate passages of the dialogue. It failed most conspicuously where the opportunity was most alluring. Thaïs, ravishing dancer on the hearts of men, was somehow nothing more than a rather respectable and talented lady of the ballet. One never for an instant felt even one thrill of the enthralling wickedness that throbs in Wagner's "Venusberg." The ballet, conventional and slightly vulgar, became ere it ended an unmitigated weariness. The long religious meditation on a violin was flat and tedious with the correctness of formal prose. So might some respectable city merchant meditate as he strayed between the hours of business into a city church. The death scene of Thaïs, with its tremendous appeal to the imagination, might have been nothing more elevated than the end of one of the consumptive demondaines of the younger Dumas, besieged by the conventional sentiment of a regretful lover. Thaïs indeed was nothing more to Massenet than a sort of Alexandrian *Dame aux Camélias*.

One turns inevitably from a second-rate attempt to embody a fascinating theme with a baffled conviction that it might have been, in hands more passionate and sensitive than Massenet's, a tremendous and powerful achievement. It is easy to imagine at least two ways in which this legend of Thaïs might have become the foundation for a great musical drama. One may doubt, indeed, whether "Tannhäuser," or even "Faust," is at all so rich in obvious possibilities. A musician of a sombre and religious temperament might have made of it a tre-

mendous mystery-play. What a theme it is for drama—the crashing of this elemental force of faith from the austere desert into the follies of Alexandria! How sublimely a strong composer would have accumulated with broad chorales and fervent anthems this force of passionate belief, to send it like a consuming fire among the gentiles! What gulfs of contrast would he not have revealed when the passion of faith met the passion of desire! And could a writer with a religious sense and an instinct for drama ask for a greater scene than the end of Thaïs, aspiring in triumph to the opening Heavens, while the degraded Paphnuce breathes his sensual passion at her feet which he cannot hinder in their ascent? The assumption of "Faust's" Margaret was incomparably less sublime. One can conceive as easily a great treatment of the story on more realistic lines as a strange and moving drama of passion, with the religious motive distinctly secondary, and the accent cast from the first on the obscure and unconscious attraction of desire which drove the hermit to his destiny, from the first moment when he dreamed of saving the soul of Thaïs.

But it is unprofitable to sketch in words the effects which a greater composer than Massenet might have got from this rare and alluring subject. What is interesting is that one cannot at all conceive a musician telling the tale as Anatole France has told it. The triumph of his art is that he contrives with a miraculous deftness and grace to mingle an inextinguishable and unwearied laughter with the tragedy of his theme. The tale of the trials and temptations of his hermit, pursued by the devils of a carnal desire, has at times the simplicity of a medieval legend, and so delicate is its humor that one could almost conceive it to be unconscious. One smiles, one sometimes laughs aloud at the quaintness of all this monkish apparatus—the devils which disguise themselves as beasts, the other devils which try the good man by speaking to him in visions and inspirations from the pit, at the simplicity of his fellow-monks, and at the grey-beard childlikeness of the whole superstition. It is a delicate comedy which almost broadens at moments into an anti-clerical satire.

And yet, while one reads on, smiling at its malicious psychology and the unexpected meanings which reveal themselves even in its more farcical absurdities, Anatole France does, none the less, contrive to tell a story which by some strange inverted magic ends by moving. In spite of oneself, smiling inwardly, laughing aloud, stumbling always on some new extravagance, one feels for the wretched Paphnuce in his temptations a direct and genuine sympathy, and one finds the story of the child Thaïs and her martyred negro god-father true and poignant. There is something wholly personal and unique in this uncanny gift of latent pathos. The irony and the malice, and the sudden power of revelation, are all to be found in Voltaire. But Voltaire never persuades us for a single instant to regard *Candide* as a flesh-and-blood hero with whom we may commit the absurdity of sympathising. Anatole France, in one degree or another, and mingling in various proportions his malice and his sentiment, is always playing this trick upon us. His Sylvestre Bonnard is supremely amusing; but while one laughs, he draws in spite of ourselves from a well of sheer simple-minded pathos which Dickens at his best could not have tapped. And so it is in this extravagant jest of Thaïs. One riots in every species of ironical mirth, from a broad anti-clerical guffaw to the delicate, intellectual wit of the theological symposium, and yet, in its paradoxical way, the thing contrives to be a sort of cosmic tragedy. Some one has said of Mr. Bernard Shaw that he is a sentimentalist who jests because he is afraid to betray emotion. Anatole France has no fear. He jests with an audacity compared with which Mr. Shaw is tame and timid, but all the while he conveys a real and overpowering emotion.

One realises from the first scene to the last that Massenet in borrowing Anatole France's theme has simply sterilised the fun. The malicious psychology, the cosmic mirth, the rillery at passion and at faith, at doubt and penitence, at virtue and at sin—all that is forgotten in a straightforward romance. It is forgotten

not merely because Massenet is Massenet, but because music is essentially sincere. Humor indeed one can convey in music, and the broader the better. One may question whether any other art is so perfectly adapted to convey parody. But of the perpetual mingling of narrative with criticism, of fun with pathos, of an ironical psychology with real feeling, which literature may achieve, one doubts if music can afford any example. There are parodies and whimsical blasphemies in Berlioz' "Faust," but they never invade the serious passages. There is ridicule and fun and criticism enough in the "Master-Singers," but it is never turned upon Walter or Eva or Hans Sachs. Shall we say that music is itself inevitably sincere and single-minded, or shall we, with due caution and reserve, content ourselves with stating that there never yet has appeared a composer with the ironic mind and the sceptical temperament?

"HE THAT HATH EARS."

AMONG the increasing plagues of civilisation, our grosser senses suffer least, and least decay. Taste elaborates a subtler cookery, and grows by what it feeds on. Our ancestors preferred the rotten fish; we demand putrefaction in wild birds and savage joints alone. Touch gains in delicacy as we remove from the hardships of nature. A Kaffir runs barefoot over flints, but there are few of us who would wear armor next the skin, or find comfort in the first Quaker's suit of leather; and it is two seasons since the softness of silk superseded the plated shirt-front by day. No matter how refined the taste and touch may become, it is now possible, with the assistance of wealth, to pass from the bassinot to the mausoleum without suffering one unpleasant meal or one external pain. The feat is constantly performed, here in our very midst. By the artful aid of cooks, confectioners, vintners, tailors, milliners, haberdashers, upholsterers, gardeners, valets, maids, physicians, and chemists, there is many a man and woman who accomplishes it. The two senses which the philosophers called gross, as being most nearly related to matter, are doing remarkably well, provided a fair chance is given them, and they are not exposed to labor, poverty, or similar inconvenience.

The other three senses are not so happy. Sight is continually assaulted by fresh outrages as civilisation encroaches upon natural or artistic beauty, and obliterates their vestiges. In place of the beauty it knew, sight is daily confronted with ignoble streets, municipal parks, public buildings, monuments, pictures, and mankind. Smell suffers in like manner, tormented by perfumes, crowds, drains, smoke, and oily exhalations. Both sight and smell exist in hourly and increasing torment; but we can lay to our hearts the comfort that sight is perishing slowly, and smell very fast; whether from atrophy or horror, both are dying. Our artists paint in blurs to suit a purblind generation, and call it atmosphere. Our soldiers set their "sights" at two thousand yards, but barely see five hundred. Thousands of school-children are emancipated from the misery of smell. Few women can perceive a flowering bean-field over a hedge; few men can track a buck through a mile of dewy forest. We may confidently look forward to the time when the only function of the eye will be to read, and of the nose to breathe. Slowly both will pass into degenerate or rudimentary organs, as the toes have passed already, and the teeth are passing. Then upon sight and smell civilisation may do her worst. It will not matter. Her worst will only be an outrage on a corpse.

But with the ear it is different. Hearing was always regarded as the most spiritual of the senses, and naturally she suffers most as the world materialises. From of old she has suffered. Unsated by the melancholy sough of winds, the crash and rattle of waves upon the shingle, the boom of thunder, the roar of dis-

tant tigers, the untimely clamor of the nightingale, the tiresome whirr of innumerable insects—man has surrounded his very dwelling with ceaselessly bleating sheep, cattle that bellow worse than lions, dogs barking like minute guns, cats wailing like the infants on limbo's threshold, asses whose bray has a dying fall like the bathos of eloquence, ducks that quack like tea-parties, cocks whose crow must be awaited with anguish and endured with a shudder of pain. Because the cock crows all night long on Christmas Eve, our ancestors drank oblivion all next day, and it was shrewd of the philosopher as he took the hemlock to enjoin the sacrifice of the pestilent cock outside to the god of healing. But even the cock, the duck, the ass, the cat, the dog, the cow, and the sheep are not torture enough for man's insatiable self-cruelty. In mere wantonness of savagery, from Indian jungles and the impenetrable forests of African swamps he imports the screaming parrot, and cages it in his very home. From Rajpootana he brings the squawks of peacocks; from the Brazils he entices the macaw. He domesticates shrieks in his bedroom; and exploits Amazonian tributaries for yells as he does for rubber.

Not even with the terrors of natural noises, and the outcries of birds and beasts, is man content. He sets himself to invent sounds more hideous than even nature has yet created. He shoes the horse with iron, and paves the street with adamant, so that in palpitating crescendo each approaching footstep may beat upon the sensitive anvil of his ear. Hardly has the last cart hammered home when lumbering waggons anticipate the dawn, and post-carts thunder round the compass before the lark is up. Milk is a gentle thing, but with what clang of reverberating pails does it put the gentler sleep to flight, and herald its invasion with barbaric war-whoops at the door! Time is an ever-flowing stream, silent in its nature. When the morning stars sang together for joy, we did not hear them; and if there is a harmony of the spheres, it is the blissful harmony that combines all sounds into stillness, as all colors moving with rapidity are combined in the radiance of white. But blest beyond expression under the noiseless beating of Time's wings, man must needs rap out its flight with ticking watches, striking clocks, and tolling bells. There is no such waste of time, said Rabelais, as looking at the clock; but church-towers compel us to waste our time, whether we will or not, by recalling the measurement of the hours, and divide our interludes of eternal thought or joy into silly minutes with their cog-wheels. In Oxford where, of all England, wisdom should most flourish and abound, learning sets the clock of the cathedral church five minutes behind the proper time observed by the rest, so that never for more than ten minutes, by night or day, can the ear have peace, and time is heard like a barking dog, eight times an hour, hounding the soul to death. Flee from the Universities and the sequestered torture-chambers of the Cloister; seek peace among the indistinguishable swarms of northern cities, and you will hardly gain. "Buzzer," "Bull," "Hooter," or "Syren," will mark the morning, noon, and night, and scarcely does the moon take up her wondrous tale when the air throbs with the pulse of giant engines, hitherto overwhelmed in the daylight's din and turmoil.

"Sleep costs a deal in Rome," said the satirist truly; but Rome was silent as the central sea compared with us. She knew not the shrieks of railway whistles, the tumult of rushing trains, the thunder of the motor-bus, the banshee yells of the overhead wires that conduct municipal lightning for the trams, or the storage dynamos, purring like enormous cats, in every quarter of the town. She knew not the rich man's motor speeding like a thunderbolt, averting death with blasts beyond the Triton's horn, trumpeting louder than a legion's, or rabid howls like a Fury's in pursuit. Till quite lately we might have supposed that motors had dealt the final stroke in the slow murder of sleep, but already the aeroplane darts and hovers above our beds, buzzing like a cockchafer magnified to a millionth power, or like a policeman's rattle in Brobdingnag; and, as the swarms multiply, soon to emit screams more appalling than have

yet blighted the existence of mankind, or lamented his decease:—

"Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last."

Thus it is that the ingenuity of man, and the increasing complexity which sociologists identify with progress, continually open up before us further vistas of torture, and compared with the restless agony of ten years hence, ancient Rome, where sleep could still be purchased for a price, will appear reposeful as an opiate.

Happy was sedition in its pillory, for at least its ears were cut off, and he that hath ears to hear had better follow its example. Beyond the requirements of nature and invention, for which necessity may be pleaded, man has further devised a combination of noises that he feigns to excuse as providing pleasure. He whirls a pierced stick round and round till it roars like a bull. He beats a hollowed tree or tightened sheepskin till religious frenzy supervenes. By adjusting airbags and reeds, he raises a din that strikes terror into his enemy's heart. Not satisfied with the silent arrow, he builds the thunderous gun. Not satisfied with a squeaking slate-pencil, he constructs the violin. Causing the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer to sound at once, he organised such a royal band that the King of Babylon preferred to retire into the wilderness and eat grass like an ox. By similar arrangements he encourages his armies in battle to face death itself rather than return in the direction from which the music proceeds, and in this country we accustom ourselves by German bands to the thought of German invasion as some alleviation. What the essayist called "the measured malice of music," aggravates our daily woe. Mrs. Carlyle built for her husband a sound-proof room upon the housetop. But prison-cells sunk below the level of the sea are not proof against the pianola's unerring irritation; and if you climb to heaven, or fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, the malignant gramophone rasps you its welcome. When that loathsome voice is silent, the horror of its noise vibrates in the memory, just as, when the baby is asleep, the modern orchestra revives domestic howlings. Thus, year by year, the civilisation of mankind draws nearer to Pandemonium, and it is significant that, though there is nothing in the word to imply it, Pandemonium always suggests the torment of chaotic noise. Against the chief anguish of progress there is but one sound-proof chamber, and the only comfort of our future is that when "Saul," or tinkling Chopin, at length shall sound above us, we shall no longer be harassed by the distraction of its noise.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANIMALS.

THERE are few pictures in fiction at once so pleasing and so true-seeming as that wherein Mowgli enjoys the gruff friendship of the animals of the jungle. It is not the little child (in starched pinafore) leading the lion and the cockatrice, the leopard of bitter experience, Grey Brother the wolf, the honey-loving bear, and the others; but the human comrade, often on all fours, observing the law of their moods, rubs along with them well enough, bearing a few scratches for his mistakes and in token of their regard. The child is well-equipped for treaty with the animal world by his fearlessness born of ignorance. Fear draws on the attack of other creatures, from the bee to the bull in the field, the tiger in his jungle, and the lion at his pool. The viper can be overcome by boldness, much as the nettle can, and instances are not wanting of children handling poisonous snakes with impunity because they had no fear. It is better though more difficult to know the danger, but to affect ignorance of it, going boldly to the point of safety and escaping offence by the natural delicacy that prevents one animal from overriding the susceptibilities of another. We must often remind ourselves that it is an act of gross insolence to ask the animal to show off its friendliness as a trick. Our human acquaintance will not stand that, and no self-respecting animal must be expected to do so. Friendliness for friendliness is the rule that must be observed.

We have few opportunities for cultivating reciprocity with great animals, except through the bars of a cage. It is a condition that puts us at once on a false footing. There is no neutral territory gradually fading from *meum* into *tuum*, but a hard and bitter line, past which the prisoner is used to claw at anything that comes within reach. It is just as well that the ordinary public is not allowed to try its skill as ambassador to the animals through the bars of the lion dens at the Zoo. There is only the contrary and cowardly pleasure of teasing the captive from a safe distance. The owner of a mind that can tease the impotent is far removed from the person who can make friends with animals, great or small. He looks with immense wonder at the occasional Fellow who steps under the barrier and caresses an old pet leopard, or some lion or ocelot with whom he is on speaking terms. In his new "Book of the Zoo" (Dent), Mr. Percival Westell has some account of the animal friendships of an *habitué* of the Zoo, whom he calls "Mr. A." He gives also something of the psychology of the subject, recognising first of all that the mood of one's friend has to be well considered before we intrude suddenly on him with our conventional visits. Not more tact is required by the district visitor who would make a successful descent on some home soured by the long neglect or hostility of society. One cannot, with safety, offer food to a tiger by way of breaking the ice. He snatches the bloody morsel that pleases him best with little regard for the safety of the hand that offers it, and if you give him something substantial to bite on, then he has no use for your friendship till he has eaten and digested it. But, like any other cat, he cannot resist the hand that he is quite sure is going to rub him behind the ears. For that he will welcome his friend afar off, and do him no injury in return, except it be by the accident of play. Friendship for friendship, and fear for fear. If there is doubt of the alliance from either side, it is communicated from one party to the other. Your fear becomes an electric commotion acting on the Hertzian receiver of the tiger. Racial antipathy swamps the personal friendship which may not have been of long duration, and Balan falls upon Balin, not knowing who he is.

The universal antipathy of animated nature for man can scarcely be explained as the teaching of experience. Man has played his rôle of universal meddler for too short a time to have impressed himself on the memory of each individual line. There must be something in his attitude of mind that communicates itself to them and induces its proper automatic reflex. The mouse that runs over the lion's foot and gnaws at his bone, goes to earth like a flash when man comes near; the bee hangs in the air and then goes off because man stands by her favorite foxglove; even the witless snake stirs in its sun-mitten sleep and is moved by a feeling in the air to seek its den. Rarely instances of astonishing exception appear. One man, some years ago, was followed by a swallow which "waited on" him as he walked through some long grass, and swept up the flies that he disturbed. Cows and other great animals are habitually used in this way by the birds, but how rarely do they find advantage in the presence of man. A more recent example leaves no room for doubt that a robin, finding her nest attacked by a rat, came to a man and led him by her plaintive cries to the rescue. But the robin is a bird towards which man's attitude of general hostility is very much softened, and the whole race draws nearer to him than to most other wild beings.

Birds are more easily approached in the way of friendship than other animals, perhaps because their wings give them a greater sense of security. "Mr. A." is said to find that the soft-billed birds are "by far the most intelligent and, consequently, the easiest to tame." It is a tribute to the carnivore over the vegetarian, for the soft-billed birds are those which eat caterpillars and other insect food. "Mr. A.'s" observation may, however, be a shallow one. There is no special food that we can offer the graminivorous bird that is anything like so irresistible as the meal-worm. Kingfishers, fly-catchers, wag-tails, hoopoes, and all manner of birds in their aviaries at the Zoo come flying up at the sight of a meal-worm wriggling in one's fingers. They hang on the wire close to

one's face, while the bag is being searched for another morsel, and they affectionately bite the empty fingers at the close of the meal. So it is with our wild birds. A little patience and many meal-worms soon make friends of the insectivores. On the other hand, there is a bird at the Zoo that would scorn a meal-worm, and to whom a visitor can scarcely offer its favorite food, and which, nevertheless, has been completely conquered. When a certain bateleur eagle sees its friend coming a hundred and fifty yards away, it bows its head, raises its wings, and greets his arrival with loud screeches of joy. The wand of its conquest is that used on the tiger, for, like parrots and some other large birds, it loves to have its head scratched, closing its eyes and going into an ecstasy of passive joy under the process.

An incident that happened at Hendon not long ago shows how the keenest of animal passions can be subordinated to the needs of personal friendship. A sparrow-hawk was kept in a cage, and fed from time to time with live birds. By some accident or other, a sparrow meant to be eaten escaped its fate for one day. It somehow then procured the pity of its natural enemy, who in its solitude took it for a friend or protégé, and thereafter, it is said, the sparrow was safe even though the hawk may have been starving. Other birds were killed and eaten, but the favored one, for some days at any rate, was spared. There are no scores so deep-seated between us and the animals as that between a hawk and a small bird. There are few warm-blooded animals, perhaps none, that have not been domesticated by man. Seals and otters have gone abroad and returned to their friends with fish in their mouths. If not the lion of Una, the puma of the pampas, according to Mr. Hudson, sometimes undertakes the protection of man lost in its domain. If man enters the jungle in true jungle spirit, it may be that he will come through safely and having learnt more than when he goes armed with lethal weapons and a stern refusal to let any live animal come near him.

Short Studies.

LIFE IN LONDON.

VI.—ONE OF THE CROWD.

HE comes out of the office, which is a pretty large one, with a series of nods—condescending, curt, indifferent, friendly, and deferential. He has detestations and preferences, even cronies; and if he has superiors, he has also inferiors. But whereas his fate depends on the esteem of a superior, the fate of no inferior depends on his esteem. When he nods deferentially he is bowing to an august power before which all others are in essence equal; the least of his inferiors knows that. And the least of his inferiors will light, on the stairs, a cigarette with the same gesture, and of perhaps the same brand, as his own—to signalise the moment of freedom, of emergence from the machine into human citizenship. Presently he is walking down the crammed street with one or two preferences or indifferences, and they are communicating with each other in slang, across the shoulders of jostling interrupters, and amid the shouts of newsboys and the immense roaring of the roadway. And at the back of his mind, while he talks and smiles, or frowns, is a clear vision of a terminus and a clock and a train. Just as the water-side man, wherever he may be, is aware, night and day, of the exact state of the tide, so this man carries in his brain a time-table of a particular series of trains, and subconsciously he is always aware whether he can catch a particular train, and if so, whether he must hurry or may loiter. His case is not peculiar. He is just an indistinguishable man on the crowded footpaths, and all the men on the footpaths, like him, are secretly obsessed by the vision of a train just moving out of a station.

He arrives at the terminus with only one companion; the rest, with nods, have vanished away at one street corner or another. Gradually he is sorting himself out. Both he and his companion know that there are a hun-

dred and twenty seconds to spare. The companion relates a new humorous story of something unprintable, alleged to have happened between a man and a woman. The receiver of the story laughs with honest glee, and is grateful, and the companion has the air of a benefactor; which indeed he is, for these stories are the ready-money of social intercourse. The companion strides off, with a nod. The other remains solitary. He has sorted himself out, but only for a minute. In a minute he is an indistinguishable unit again, with nine others, in the compartment of a moving train. He reads an evening newspaper, which seems to have come into his hand of its own agency, for he catches it every night with a purely mechanical grasp as it flies in the street. He reads of deeds and misdeeds, and glances aside uneasily from the disturbing tidings of restless men who will not let the social order alone. Suddenly, after the train has stopped several times, he folds up the newspaper as it is stopping again, and gets blindly out. As he surges up into the street on a torrent of his brothers, he seems less sorted than ever. The street into which he comes is broad and busy, and the same newspapers are flying in it. Nevertheless, the street is different from the streets of the centre. It has a reddish or a yellowish quality of color, and there is not the same haste in it. He walks more quickly now. He walks a long way up another broad street, in which rare autobuses and tradesmen's carts rattle and thunder. The street gets imperceptibly quieter, and more verdurous. He passes a dozen side-streets, and at last he turns into a side-street. And this side-street is full of trees and tranquillity. It is so silent that to reach it he might have travelled seventy miles instead of seven. There are glimpses of yellow and red houses behind thick summer verdure. His pace still quickens. He smiles to himself at the story, and wonders to whom he can present it on the morrow. And then he halts and pushes open a gate upon which is painted a name. And he is in a small garden, with a vista of a larger garden behind. And down the vista is a young girl, with the innocence and grace and awkwardness and knowingness of her years—sixteen; a little shabby, or perhaps careless, in her attire, but enchanting. She starts forward, smiling, and exclaims:

"Father!"

Now he is definitely sorted out.

Though this man is one of the crowd, though nobody would look twice at him in Cannon Street, yet it is to the successful and the felicitous crowd that he belongs. There are tens of thousands of his grade; but he has the right to fancy himself a bit. He can do certain difficult things very well—else how, in the fierce and gigantic struggle for money, should he contrive to get hold of five hundred pounds a year?

He is a lord in his demesne; nay, even a sort of eternal father. Two servants go in fear of him, because his wife uses him as a bogey to intimidate them. His son, the schoolboy, a mighty one at school, knows there is no appeal from him, and quite sincerely has an idea that his pockets are inexhaustible. Whenever his son has seen him called upon to pay he has always paid, and money has always been left in his pocket. His daughter adores and exasperates him. His wife, with her private system of visits, and her suffragette, and her independences, recognises ultimately in every conflict that the resultant of forces is against her and for him. When he is very benevolent he joins her in the game of pretending that they are equals. He is the distributor of joy. When he laughs, all laugh, and word shoots through the demesne that father is in a good humor.

He laughs to-night. The weather is superb; it is the best time of the year in the suburbs. Twilight is endless; the silver will not die out of the sky. He wanders in the garden, the others with him. He works potteringly. He shows himself more powerful than his son, both physically and mentally. He spoils his daughter, who is daily growing more mysterious. He administers flattery to his wife. He throws scraps of kindness to the servants. It is his wife who at last insists on the children going to bed. Lights show at the upper windows. The kitchen is dark and silent. His wife calls to him from upstairs. He strolls round to the front patch of garden,

stares down the side-road, sees an autobus slide past the end of it, shuts and secures the gate, comes into the house, bolts the front-door, bolts the back-door, inspects the windows, glances at the kitchen; finally, he extinguishes the gas in the hall. Then he leaves the ground-floor to its solitude, and on the first-floor peeps in at his snoring son, and admonishes his daughter through a door ajar not to read in bed. He goes to the chief bedroom, and locks himself therein with his wife; and yawns. The night has come. He has made his dispositions for the night. And now he must trust himself, and all that is his, to the night. A vague, faint anxiety penetrates him. He can feel the weight of five human beings depending on him; their faith in him lies heavy.

In the middle of the night he wakes up, and is reminded of such-and-such a dish of which he partook. He remembers what his wife said: "There's no doing anything with that girl"—the daughter—"I don't know what's come over her." And he thinks of all his son's faults and stupidities, and of what it will be to have two children adult. It is true—there is no doing anything with either one or the other. Their characters are unchangeable—to be taken or left. This is one lesson he has learnt in the last ten years. And his wife . . . ! The whole organism of the demesne presents itself to him, lying awake, as most extraordinarily complicated. The garden alone, the rose-trees alone—what a constant cause of solicitude! The friction of the servants—was one of them a thief or was she not? The landlord must be bullied about the roof. Then, new wall-papers! A hinge! His clothes! His boots! His wife's clothes, and her occasional strange disconcerting apathy! The children's clothes! Rent! Taxes! Rates! Season-ticket! Subscriptions! Negligence of the newsvendor! Bills! Seaside holiday! Erratic striking of the drawing-room clock! The pain in his daughter's back! The singular pain in his own groin—nothing, and yet . . . ! Insurance premium! And above all, the office! Who knew, who could tell, what might happen? There was no margin of safety, not fifty pounds margin of safety. He walked in success and happiness on a thin brittle crust! Crack! And where would they all be? Where would be the illusion of his son and daughter that he was an impregnable and unshakable rock? What would his son think if he knew that his father often calculated to half-a-crown, and economised in cigarettes and a great deal in lunches?

He asks, "Why did I bring all this on myself? Where do I come in, after all?" . . . The dawn, very early; and he goes to sleep once more!

The next morning, factitiously bright after his bath, he is eating his breakfast, reading his newspaper, and looking at his watch. The night is over; the complicated organism is in full work again, with its air of absolute security. His newspaper, inspired by a millionaire to gain a millionaire's ends by appealing to the ingenuousness of this clever struggler, is uneasy with accounts of attacks meditated on the established order. His mind is made up. The established order may not be perfect, but he is in favor of it. He has arrived at an equilibrium, unstable possibly, but an equilibrium. One push, and he would be over! Therefore, no push! He hardens his heart against the complaint of the unjustly treated. He has his own folk to think about.

The station is now drawing him like a magnet. He sees in his mind's eye every yard of the way between the side-street and the office, and in imagination he can hear the clock striking at the other end. He must go; he must go! Several persons help him to go, and at the garden-gate he stoops and kisses that mysterious daughter. He strides down the side-street. Only a moment ago, it seems, he was striding up it! He turns into the long road. It is a grinding walk in the already hot sun. He reaches the station and descends into it, and is diminished from an eternal father to a mere unit of a throng. But on the platform he meets a jolly acquaintance. His face relaxes as they salute. "I say," he says after an instant, bursting with a good thing, "Have you heard the tale about the —"

ARNOLD BENNETT.

Communications.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE BILL: APPROVED SOCIETIES, WOMEN'S RIGHTS, AND THE DOCTORS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Since the date of my former communication, several features of the National Insurance Bill have been made clearer, while, at the same time, debatable points have come more into prominence and received closer attention from the several interests involved.

On further consideration the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been obliged to change his intention with reference to the exclusion, as approved societies, of collecting burial societies and companies such as the Liverpool Victoria, with its premium income of over a million, and the Prudential, with its premium income of over seven millions. Mr. Lloyd George, on his visit to the special meeting of the National Conference of Friendly Societies, took his stand on the argument that he had nothing to do with the businesses these trading associations carried on, provided they set up a separate department which fulfilled the qualifications as an approved conveyance of the full benefits of the Bill. This admission has altered the whole aspect of the outlook; it lets in the Collecting Societies and the Industrial Assurance Companies to compete with the Friendly Societies and Trades Unions, as channels through which benefits may be disbursed. The difference in the working was well stated some years ago by Mr. J. M. Ludlow, C.B., then Chief Registrar, in the following tabular form:—

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.	COLLECTING SOCIETIES.
Combine relief in sickness with life insurance.	Limited to life insurance.
Monthly, or, in some cases, fortnightly, meetings the rule.	Meetings, whether district or general, practically disregarded by members.
Management inexpensive; officials generally appointed by the intelligent consent of the members.	Management rarely costing less than 40 per cent. of premium income; members practically excluded from voice in election of managers.
Promoted and conducted for benefit of members.	Promoted and conducted for benefit of managers.

Since then, owing largely to the energetic action of the late Lord Goschen (one time Chancellor of the Exchequer), and his private secretary, now Lord Milner, a measure has been passed taking all collecting societies and industrial assurance companies out of the Friendly Societies Acts and constituting them a distinct class, coming under the operation of a separate Act of Parliament, which prohibited the misleading use of the title "Friendly Society." Further safeguards to insurers taken largely from the least intelligent, least informed, and poorest of the labor classes, have also been secured under recent legislation. In main features, however, these vast "trading" associations remain unaltered. Their profits have been, and are, enormous. It will at once be seen, with their 100,000 agents working under stringent regulations to retain old business (pennies they fail to collect, they have, for a limited period, themselves to pay), and always creating new business as well, how well equipped they will enter the harvest field of the 10,000,000 which are still outside the operations of the Friendly Societies—associations of working men and women that work for the benefit of their members at 10 per cent. cost, instead of at 40 per cent. for the benefit of their managers and promoters. At the same time as the agents collect the pennies to provide for the burial of the dead, they will be able to disburse the shillings for the living benefits which are provided under the Government Insurance Bill, without profit, save that of a still further increase in a business which draws its customers from every village of England, if not of Wales. Signs are not wanting to indicate that, as a body, these agents are dissatisfied with their position, as well they may be. As to the damage and destruction of mutual thrift of the Friendly Society form, Mr. Lloyd George, with the two-faced wisdom of Janus, has provided against such an eventuality. Full benefits can be received solely through the medium of voluntary thrift associations of a permanent character and democratic government, but if these perish, the conveyance carrying the benefits would cease running, and the offices that had charge of the contributions paid by the insured would be closed. At the same

time, the State, having no longer these voluntary associations to fall back on to do the local work of the scheme, would have to provide State machinery, as in Germany, for the purpose; and the Chancellor would have to levy additional taxes for the heavy expenses of management.

This necessity for "approved societies" makes it essential that the women-workers, four millions in number, should set about providing for themselves the required machinery under their own management, and not leave it only to the option of the male societies as to whether they will receive them or not. That women's friendly societies of the affiliated or federated type are workable, and void of the danger of shipwreck which some critics predict, the favorable voyage of the Order of United Sisters (Suffolk Unity), as I have already shown, is evidence in proof. With reference to the combination of small local societies with a view of obtaining the 5,000 membership qualification, care and discrimination will be necessary. In view of the action which is being taken by certain Friendly Societies in this direction, a note of warning is essential if trouble is to be avoided. No steps should be taken, no liberty of action fettered, until the Bill has been placed on the Statute-book in its final form. The great question is whether the best interests of the members, present and future, will be better served under the Bill by joining one of the large societies on equitable terms or by forming a local association of small societies. There is much to be said for the first alternative. The area of change of work has been greatly extended in recent times, and the industrial workers want to take their respective societies with them when they move, as can be done in the case of the affiliated orders and the best societies of the centralised type. It is true that a combination of small societies will secure benefits. But such combinations, in order to preserve financial safety, will have to be careful as to the constituent parts. Some local clubs are worthy of preservation, the majority are not. And the financial stability of a combination of local societies will be endangered by the admission of weaker or unsound bodies; while it will be difficult to get the members of the respective societies to alter their individual methods (so widely divergent) so as to secure the necessary oneness of working in the unity of common interests. There is also the harvest field of the at present uninsured 10,000,000, outside thrift associations, to be reaped and gathered into the garner of the Bill. Here is much material that will require all the discipline and influences of the greater members of the friendly society movement, like the Unities of Oddfellows, Foresters, Shepherds, Rechabites, &c., to fit them for the better economic and social standard of comfort which the Chancellor of the Exchequer would place within their reach. It is not too much to say that the spirit of Brotherhood, which is the binding and consolidating tie of the industrial fraternities I have mentioned, is the greatest asset which the Government scheme will possess in the sound up-building and orderly development of the greatest social structure the State has yet taken in hand for the betterment of the mass of the people.

There remain some amendments passed by the National Conference of Friendly Societies which should be well considered. One of the principal is that members of societies who are over sixty years of age at the commencement of the Act should be allowed to partake in its benefits. This does not appear possible without bringing an increase of liability that cannot be provided for. As it is, the scheme will incur a loss on aging insurers under that age limit, which it will take some years to get over. On the other hand, it should not be difficult for societies that have a fair actuarial solvency, and will, consequently, have a portion of their accumulated funds set free when present members are assisted by the employers' and State's contributions, to make arrangements to tide over the five years' period for members over sixty-five till Old Age Pensions come in. The hardship, which will be of a temporary nature, is capable of being removed with a little goodwill and good management.

Unless they are making for national service employment at fixed salaries, it is a mistake for the doctors to continue to do their utmost to set up the backs of the democracy. Granted that such service would at once take foremost rank in national defence, the persistent outcries of the medical profession for merely professional

interests is scarcely a method that is calculated to maintain that high position in public welfare which should always be theirs. In view of the past services rendered by Friendly Societies and their doctors, there is much to be said for the amendment by the Conference of Clause 14, to the effect that approved societies for their members, and the Local Health Committees for persons who are not members, shall make arrangements with duly qualified practitioners, or with associations registered under the Friendly Societies' Act, for insured persons to receive attendance and treatment to the satisfaction of the approved societies or Health Committees. This is only reasonable in the face of the black lists and compulsion with which the Medical Council treat any practitioners who venture to serve the Friendly Societies' Medical Alliance. Again, it is difficult to see how any income wage-limit can be, with justice, recognised in relation to medical benefits under the Bill, or given by Friendly Societies. Certainly, it would be impossible to work it under the limit of £160 per annum. It does not appear, further, that the doctors who are writing to the public Press have taken the trouble to calculate what the 6s. per head under the Act will be worth to them, as compared with private patients with an income of under £160. Let a medical practitioner have 100 such patients, and let him draw £100 gross income from them, or £80 net per annum. How would he fare under the Insurance Bill with his share of the 14,000,000 at 6s. at the disposal of the profession? We will at once deduct 1s. 6d. for drugs, &c., leaving a net 4s. 6d. profit. Say that he has already 250 Friendly Society "club" members—a very small number; with the increased membership of approved societies, in order to qualify, that number must be more than doubled—in many cases trebled. Let us take double, as a low average; our doctors will then take for the 500, at 4s. 6d. net per head, £112 10s. Of the 500, according to Friendly Society rates of sickness, he will have to attend an average of only 130 in the year. And it must be remembered that this vital statistic includes the whole expectation of life under treatment, and does not stop at 70. Besides the above settled income, the doctor will have, in the matter of private fee practice, all income-tax payers within the area of his rounds. The case of the doctor will not be so desperate, with his extras in addition, after all. It is the prospect of attending the Post Office Deposit section of the 14,000,000 of the insured that is really pulling the doctor's leg. These will consist of unsound lives, and the "rejects" of the Friendly and Trade Societies. Here it would appear as though the doctors had a genuine grievance. Perhaps the best way to meet it would be, in this case, to pay for work done and not by contract. It is a matter of regret that arrangements cannot at present be made to include dentistry. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the ills which affect industrial lives from dental neglect, and the amount of sickness and suffering which dental treatment, given in time, would prevent. The benefit of the dentist would in itself lessen appreciably the cost of other benefits under the Bill, and prove itself to be an asset of high value in national welfare. The way in which the human teeth are neglected at present is little short of a national calamity and a national scandal in these days of preventable ills.—Yours, &c.,

J. FROME WILKINSON.

July 18th, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE INSURANCE BILL AND THE EMPLOYER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. F. U. Laycock and Mr. Arnold F. Jones, I have met thoughtful employers—both Liberal and Tory—who regard this Bill with favor. They recognise the signs of the times. Emigration is not confined to the country districts. During the past year hundreds of capable artisans have left this industrial centre for Canada and the United States, the effect being that the rapid growth of our burgh has received a severe check. These men, women, and children, valuable assets of a nation, are leaving our shores, not because they look forward to an easy life, but because

they believe that, by a few years' hard labor, they will be able to emancipate themselves from the constant dread of unemployment, which means poverty; or, in other words, that they will soon be able to lay aside sufficient capital to secure themselves against the dangers of destitution, which they cannot do here under present conditions.

Faced with this serious problem, wise statesmanship must not only deal with the land question, but must also take means to provide for the artisan class some security, not only against old age but also against ill-health.

I speak as an employer of over thirty years' experience, during which period wages have steadily risen. That they will continue to rise I see no reason to doubt, as I am confident that it is only by better wages and better conditions of labor that the serious drain of emigration will be checked. Of course, better conditions of labor must result in better health, better work, and increased production.—Yours, &c.,

Kirkcaldy.

R. C. L.

July 19th, 1911.

OUR POLICY IN EGYPT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your sympathetic note of last week on the work of Sir Eldon Gorst you make one reservation to which I am moved to take exception. You reckon as an error on his part "a too close amity with the Khedive, whom the Nationalists deeply distrust." Are British subjects, I would ask, entitled to blame a British Consul-General in Egypt for being on good terms with the Khedive? As it happens, it was precisely his amity with Sir Eldon Gorst that brought upon the Khedive the hostility of the Nationalists. Under the régime of Lord Cromer, with whom he was known to be on more or less bad terms, he was popular with the extremer Nationalists on that very account. Are we, then, to lay down the doctrine that the Khedive and the Consul-General are to be on unfriendly terms in order that both may be popular with the Nationalists? Was Lord Cromer popular with them? Surely, on the principles which govern our own political life, it is well for the British Consul-General and the Khedive to be in amicable relations, leaving the extreme Nationalists to learn the constitutional lesson.

Lord Kitchener, you may remember, had a difficulty with the Khedive in the old days. It is hardly for Liberals to recommend him to revive old misunderstandings. If the Khedive is ready to co-operate loyally with the British Occupation in the interests of good government all round, at the risk even of personal unpopularity with the extremer Nationalists, it ought, surely, to be counted to him for righteousness; and it ought to be Lord Kitchener's business to encourage him.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

House of Commons, S.W.

July 17th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be allowed to traverse some of the statements made in reference to Egyptian affairs in your issue of July 15th?

You say the late Consul-General "discouraged the influx of British Officials." As a matter of fact, there are just as many British officials in Egypt now as ever there were. What was really done was to give to the higher Egyptian officials an increase of power, which they had not been trained to make a proper use of, and to allow British officials to hold a number of minor posts, which might better have been used as a training school for natives.

I cannot agree with you that the Consul-General's friendship with the Khedive was a mistake from a Nationalist point of view, in view of the fact that the Khedive has very plainly shown the side he takes in internal affairs by going out of his way to receive the President of the Moslem Congress, while refusing to receive a deputation from the Coptic Congress.

The expression, "abiding by the Veto of the Legislative Assembly," in reference to the Suez Canal scheme, gives one the idea that there really was a reasonable discussion in the Assembly, followed by a logical decision. The fact is that the whole "discussion" was run by two or three violent Nationalist leaders, who had sworn on the Koran beforehand

that the scheme should not pass, and all opposition was drowned out. The Minister for the Cabinet was not even allowed to speak at all.

The "repressive legislation" you speak of can only refer to the "warning" of a Coptic paper for daring to discuss the advisability of the Government publishing some questionable books in Arabic. There has been no "repressive legislation" with regard to the Moslem papers, which daily fill their columns with violent abuse and spiteful denunciation of everything Christian, especially the Occupation, which dragged Egypt out of the mire of bankruptcy, and once more made a nation of her. The effect on the inflammable native, who is inclined to regard anything printed as on a level with the Koran itself, may be imagined.

In your opposition to the appointment of Lord Kitchener, you will be surprised, on reading the British and Egyptian papers, to find yourself in an intelligent minority, stranded with one or two of those whom Mr. Robertson calls "the Moderate Leaders" of the Nationalist Party, though anything more immoderate than their writings has never been printed.

That the sending of Lord Kitchener to Egypt "robs our Army of a man whose talent for organisation the War Office cannot afford to lose" is very true. But during the time Lord Kitchener has been idle in England, I have not noticed any tremendously energetic attempts on the part of the Government to make use of his talents at the War Office, nor have I seen any indication that such an attempt was likely to be made. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I find Lord Kitchener is at last to be made use of in a place which is perhaps not worthy of him, but which is, at all events, more worthy of him than the position of director of a railway. In this I find that the whole of the Press of the British Nation—Liberal and Unionist—with hardly an exception, and the Egyptian nation, with the possible exception of Sheikh Ali Yousef, are agreed.

Finally, there is not the slightest reason to fear any violent action on the part of the new Consul-General, who knows Egypt a good deal better than most of those who write about it. He is stern and inflexible—a character that instantly appeals to the Oriental mind; and he is just, which will at once kill most of the sectarian jealousy and squabbling in Egypt. If there is repression, it will be a repression of abuse, incitement to murder, and the language of the gutter, which badly wants putting down; and there is not likely, under his rule, to arise any situation needing the drastic methods of Omdurman, which our sentimental stay-at-homes considered so dreadful, but which those who understand the situation know to have been absolutely necessary at the time, and absolutely justified by the events which have followed them.—Yours, &c.,

W. L. M.

163, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

July 20th, 1911.

[Our correspondent is misinformed on several points of fact. The influx of young British officials into Egypt was checked, if not absolutely stopped, and recent arrivals were warned that they must not expect promotion. This was, indeed, one of the grounds of the outcry against Sir Eldon Gorst. The Khedive and Sir Eldon Gorst both declined to recognise the Coptic Congress—an evidence of the identity of their policy. The "repressive legislation" consisted (1) in the revival of an old Press law which permitted the suppression of a newspaper after warning by the mere decision of the Ministry; and (2) in an ordinance for the banishment of untried suspects. We have before us the report of the General Assembly's Committee on the Suez Canal Convention, drafted after hearing Mr. Paul Harvey. It is an able document, closely reasoned, and based on elaborate financial and statistical data. The leader of the opposition to the scheme was Abbaza Pasha, who does not belong to what is properly termed the Nationalist party.—ED., NATION.]

MR. RUNCIMAN'S BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A few weeks ago you published some anonymous criticisms of your criticism of Mr. Runciman's Bill. They were so crude that I was not surprised that you did not answer them. But I see that they are being quoted in the

educational Press, and as no one better qualified says a word, may I?

Five points were raised. The first was merely a plea for raising the "school age," but that was in harmony with your article. Your criticism of the form of the Bill and its twenty irrelevant clauses imputed nothing against the good object of Clause I. and some subsidiary clauses. I gathered that you welcomed the main purpose of the Bill.

The first point of difference was your critic's amazing suggestion that, if the whole law of school attendance was put on the table of the present House of Commons, it was "unthinkable" that the House would "modify" it. Your critic does not know the House of Commons. The answer to him is three-fold: (1) The present House of Commons (to say nothing of the House of Lords) is ready, with the best intentions, to "modify" any Bill put before it; (2) The present Government are powerless to defend Liberal principles in education in a House which contains a majority of denominationalists; (3) Before the Bill even reaches Parliament, its authors have already proposed some startling "modifications" of the present law.

The second point is based on the alterations thus proposed in sections 5 and 9 of the Act of 1876. Instead of making more effective the law which says a child under fourteen shall not be employed so as to "interfere with its education," the law is altered so as to say that the child shall not be employed so as to prevent it "attending school." This removes the protection for the child injuriously employed out of school hours, which competent administrators and sympathetic magistrates secure under the present law.

The third point is that your critic is "by a close perusal of the Bill, unable to discover a new excuse for child employment." The present law contains two very distinct lists of "excuses." One is a list of "excuses" for absence from school, and the other—far more stringent—is a list of "excuses" for employment. The stringent list of "excuses" for employment is entirely abolished by the Bill, and the list of excuses for "absence from school" is substituted—the one list serving a double purpose. Surely anyone can see that, although "sickness" or "any unavoidable cause" may be a reasonable excuse for a child being absent from school, they are not reasonable excuses for subjecting the child to wage-earning employment, which would otherwise be illegal.

The last point is that "too much may be made" of the danger that children may be turned out of the day schools at thirteen. Perhaps it is a sufficient answer to this supercilious pooh-poohing that even the "educational" adviser of that great "educational" body, the London County Council, reports to them (in a report on the Bill that I have received to-day) that to substitute "continuation classes" for "day schools" will save the cost of many thousands of school places.

I feel that many people could have explained the above points better than I have done, but if no one else does it, please allow me; for I feel that this matter is desperately urgent, and I hope that the good part of the Bill will become an Act without delay, and that the remainder will be dropped as either hopelessly dangerous or actively mischievous.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

July 19th, 1911.

THE MOBILITY OF LABOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to the new L.C.C. scheme for enabling working men to acquire a long leasehold interest in the houses they occupy, I should like, through the medium of your columns, to advance one consideration, which is, I think, apt to be lost sight of. It is a consideration which enables me to regard with equanimity the comparative failure of the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act of 1899.

One effect of all measures designed to enable working men to acquire a proprietary interest in the houses they occupy must plainly be to root labor down to the place of its residence; in other words, to render labor relatively immobile. A workman who has, by the exercise of much thrift and self-denial, acquired either a freehold or long leasehold interest in his house, would be unwilling, and often unable, to give it up should an unforeseen change of cir-

cumstances render such a step desirable or expedient. His work may leave the district, but he may be unable to follow it through inability to sell or let his house in which he has sunk so great a part of his scanty savings.

That industries do shift their habitat, sometimes in the most unforeseen manner, is now notorious. It is one of the most familiar phenomena of modern industry.

It is, of course, true that the working man now enjoys exceptional facilities for getting cheaply to and from his work. But it must be borne in mind that, notwithstanding the present cheapness of fares and the facilities for quick transit, a point may soon be reached at which the weekly burden of travelling expenses becomes too heavy to be borne. In other words, when the centre of a trade has shifted, it may become economically impossible for the workman to follow his work into its new habitat. The result is that he remains stranded—with a house, true, but workless. His mobility is as restricted as that of a tethered goat in a field. The present Government, in grappling with the problem of unemployment, has recognised the supreme importance of promoting, as far as possible, the mobility of labor. Witness the institution of Labor Exchanges. The lack of mobility in the commodity known as labor is now admitted to be a fruitful cause of the phenomenon known as unemployment. Men have come to see that the supply of labor must be kept in a fluid condition, so that it may flow freely in whatever direction capital beckons. And capital, as we know, is apt to beckon suddenly and capriciously.

I submit, sir, that we are not helping to promote this desirable condition of mobility if we at the same time offer labor special inducements to strike its roots deep in a particular spot.

Let us clearly realise how potent are the feelings which would prompt the working-man freeholder or leaseholder to cling to his little house. The pride of possession—in some cases, of absolute ownership—and the vivid remembrance of past efforts and sacrifices would powerfully contribute to render the mere idea of moving altogether abhorrent, even if a tenant or purchaser be forthcoming.

By all means let us see to it that wheresoever the calls of capital may cause labor to congregate, an adequate supply of cheap, wholesome dwellings shall be forthcoming. But, so far from worrying ourselves, let us rather be content if labor prefers to remain a mobile weekly tenant to becoming an immobile leaseholder or freeholder.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST LESSER.

6, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.

July 18th, 1911.

THE EXPROPRIATION OF THE MASAI.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to see the following comment made by "The East African Standard" (June 10th, 1911), on the removal of the Masai from their northern reserve:—

"For this we have to thank H.E. the Governor, who placed the case so clearly before the Masai tribe as to cause them to realise the advantages to them of settlement in one reserve. A fine area of grazing lands is now open for white settlement."

Is it too late for the Colonial Secretary to send out a Commission to inquire into the whole question, and propose some safeguard for what is left of native rights?—Yours, &c.,

T. EDMUND HARVEY.

House of Commons, S.W.

July 17th, 1911.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When in doubt, attack the Public Schools" is a principle which all editors of papers, Liberal or Conservative, delight to honor. Far be it from me to deny that the public schools offer a fair and an easy target for criticism; but the particular attack in your issue of July 15th seems to be based on such a strangely false assumption, that I venture to offer a mild protest. After all, if the public schools are a problem for Democracy, it is well that Democracy should understand what the real conditions of the problem are.

"We shall begin," you say, "to ask ourselves what

is the return that we expect to get from spending on these boys so much of the wealth of the nation?" Unfortunately, we are hardly entitled to ask the question, because we are not spending the wealth of the nation on these boys. Their parents are providing the wealth out of their own private pockets. £100 to £200 per annum is, as you say, a large sum; but parents are willing to pay it in order to secure for their children an undemocratic type of education which approximates to their ideal.

Do you suggest that Democracy should (a) pass a sumptuary law, forbidding them to pay so much; or (b), compel them to accept a form of education different from the one they desire? Otherwise, even if the State were to take over to-morrow all the existing public schools, with their occasional endowments and more frequent debts, in five years there would be new Etons and Winchester and Marlboroughs, peopled with the same class of boy, and employing the same "industry and talent and zeal," to teach the same ideals.

For the public schools (so-called) have been created and are maintained, not by the State but by the wealthy classes of the community who like that kind of school. The parent who pays from £100 to £200 a year on his son's education is rarely a Democrat, and hardly ever a Socialist. But whoever pays the piper has, at least, the right to veto the tunes that make him ill; and no headmaster ought to conduct an active propaganda on behalf of Socialism, or any other "ism," that is gravely obnoxious to the parents who have entrusted their children to him.

All this may be very sad; but, until the millennium comes, the rich will not be Democrats; nor, in a free country, can they be compelled to bring up their children in democratic principles.—Yours, &c.,

PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER.

July 19th, 1911.

THE DEATH OF MR. SLUDGE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—In your article on the "Death of Mr. Sludge," I do not suppose you would wish it to be inferred either that Spiritualism is dead or its votaries extinct.

As one who knew the late D. D. Home personally, may I venture to say that forty years of deliberation on the results achieved by that remarkable man have convinced me, not only that he and others accomplished in many cases what they set out to perform—but that, in spite of many fraudulent enterprises, they did bear witness to a force, or a source of energy, accessible to the human race, but having no more connection with spirits than, let us say, the Man in the Moon?

It is, to my mind, this very tendency to attribute certain lost energies to the wrong source which has impeded the day of their restoration to the community at large.

You make a slight reference to electricity. It is not that, but it may be a power behind electricity; and, indeed, electrical energy may be one of its many manifestations.

So-called "spirit rapping," planchette, hypnotism, telepathy, produce effects which cannot be denied to-day. But they and their votaries are not all deceivers. In fact, one might almost say—

"A rose by any name would smell as sweet."

I mean, of course, that the causes, or the cause and the effects, are in themselves largely to be identified with realities, attribute them to what sources we will. But we shall, I think, only impede the researches in psychology, which are so fruitful to-day, if we accept them unthinkingly or as unthinkingly repudiate them as the work of spirits, discarnate or incarnate, as the case may be.

No one who saw Home levitated in the rooms of Mr. Carter Hall in Victoria Street, as I did myself, could fail to perceive here a new force by which the force of gravity could be neutralised at will. Some day a Mr. Grahame-White will recognise this; some day such an one will make use of it.—Yours, &c.,

F. G. MONTAGU POWELL.

George Hotel, Buxton.
July 19th, 1911.

THE CURSE OF RUBBER.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I am very glad indeed to see that in your article "The Curse of Rubber," in your last but one issue you have informed your readers that you will press for publication of the official report of the Consul who accompanied the Commission of Inquiry deputed to the Putomayo River last summer. Mr. Andrew Lang has already—about a year ago, in the "Morning Post," I think—drawn attention to the cruel way in which the Huitoto tribe is being wiped off the slate of humanity by the human fiends engaged in procuring the rubber to satisfy the demands of the civilised world for the product, and directors and shareholders for big dividends, gleaning his facts, apparently, from Mr. Hardenburg's account in "Man," the monthly journal of the Anthropological Institute. It seems the people subjected to the treatment you mention, and which cannot be read without horror, are by no means despicable savages, but, "like most uncontaminated peoples, very kind and hospitable," of rather good physique, highly ingenious, if not intelligent; while the women are charmingly attractive, and some of them "really beautiful." From your article it would seem that responsibility lies with the Peruvian Government, while from Mr. Lang's it appears the scene is "at present in dispute between the three rival Republics of Colombia, Peru, and Ecuador," and the Huitoto is only one of the local tribes. We ought to know which Government is really responsible for permitting the extermination of some of its peoples by methods of cruelty so awful that imagination could not have conceived them possible in this desperately Christian age. It is all very well for Mr. Lloyd George to say that but for the Christian Church the world would be turned into a burnt-up wilderness; for, surely in his maltreatment of his own kind, and of the sub-human creatures he destroys cruelly to devour, or to bedizen his womenkind with skins and feathers, the Christian yields first place to none. It is, also, not to be expected that the Christian Church will help us much here; nevertheless, it will be shame to us if we calmly allow the hideous cruelty you have told us about to go on unheeded.—Yours, &c.,

F. FAWCETT.

Westbury, Penn. Bucks.

July 19th, 1911.

NATIONALITIES AND SUBJECT RACES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—A public meeting will be held on July 24th, in Caxton Hall, Westminster, under the auspices of the Nationalities and Subject Races Committee, which so successfully carried through a three days' conference on "Imperialism: Its Cause and Cure," last year. This meeting will discuss a kindred subject: "The Evils of National and Racial Subjection," and the chair will be taken by Mr. J. A. Hobson, at 8 p.m.

As the foreign policy and commercial enterprise of many civilised states to-day often results, when endeavoring to avoid the horrors of war, in agreements which inflict injustice on weaker nations, and as this injustice could be avoided, at least in democratic states, by a better knowledge of the circumstances attending these agreements, it is of some importance that the electorate should try to understand and moralise the bases of their respective countries' imperial aggrandisement and commercial prosperity. The Nationalities and Subject Races Committee invite, therefore, those of your readers who believe in national honor and are desirous of true progress, to attend the meeting in Caxton Hall on the 24th, and show, by there passing a suitably worded resolution, sympathy with a movement that has for its aim the establishment of a real understanding and harmony between the nations.—Yours, &c.,

N. F. DRYHURST.

40, Outer Temple,
July 18th, 1911.

THE TROUBLES IN ALBANIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The Albanians, or Skipetars, are probably the oldest and longest established race in Europe. Those who

have travelled in the Balkan Peninsula, and have studied its various peoples in their everyday life, their customs, their folklore, their aspirations, their grievances, are almost unanimous in their recognition of the loyalty, chivalry, sturdiness, and purity of domestic relations characteristic both of the Ghegs of the North and the Tosks of the South. Exception may be taken to the remorselessness of some of their blood-feuds, but even in this matter there is, in many cases, much to be said for the underlying motives. I am confident that I share the opinions of many others who have come into personal contact with these people, when I say that I should deplore their extinction as a race. And yet this is what is threatened, at any rate so far as the Hotti, Kastrati, Clementi, and other leading tribes are concerned, unless the present rulers of Turkey are turned from their purpose, or rather from their policy, by diplomatic pressure or foreign intervention.

Since the revolution, I have used several opportunities of discussing the matters at issue with typical men, both of the Highland Ghegs and the Lowland Tosks. What do they seek? I will state briefly the leading points as put to me:—

(1) *Taxation*.—They are willing to contribute, on a tribal basis, to the revenue of the Empire; but in return they ask that the money shall be spent *locally*. They want to see something for their money. Primarily, they want *roads* constructed and maintained. They object to their contributions being squandered in the Yemen or in Mesopotamia, while nothing is spent on their own country.

(2) *Language and Education*.—The revival of the Albanian language as written and printed, as well as a spoken tongue, is the main feature of recent years. It is a nightmare to the Turks. The Skipetars ask that it shall be the medium of instruction to their youth. It is the one solidifying factor, other than tradition, tending to cement all the tribes into a common nation. That is why the language movement is dreaded and detested by the Turks. Here, may I say, how erroneous it is to suppose that the Albanians are an utterly illiterate and literature-despising people? There are thousands among them who speak either Italian or Greek, or one or other of the Slav dialects; and I have met men of the Mirditi who are well acquainted with both classic and modern literature. The Skipetars are keen that their children should be educated to move about and rise in the world.

(3) *Army and Public Service*.—They are willing—they have always been willing—to serve in the Ottoman Army. But they ask that regiments recruited in Albania should not leave the Balkan Peninsula except in times of real war; and that, so far as is possible, they should be quartered in Albania. They utterly object to being sent to distant parts of the empire, such as the Yemen, while Anatolian and Syrian troops are quartered among their families in Albania.

(4) *The Carrying of Arms*.—Further, they object to any interference with their carrying of arms. They carried arms before the birth of Christ, and it is an ingrained habit of their race. But they would be reconciled to disarmament provided:—

(a) The process were applied rigidly, irrespective of religious denomination.

(b) No alien troops or officials were quartered in Albania.

(c) The temporary arming of civilian irregulars—Bashi-bazouks—by the authorities were prohibited.

The Skipetar looks to his rifle to-day—as, I suppose, he looked to his javelin or his sling two thousand years ago—to defend the honor of his womenfolk and the security of his sheep and goats. If he only needed it for tribal feuds or raids, disarmament, fairly and thoroughly carried out, would be justifiable.

So far I have dealt—rather briefly, at the expense, perhaps, of accurate definition—with Albanian grievances as they have been stated to me personally. Now, a Reuter's telegram from Cetinje, dated July 8th, informs us of a long list of concessions which the Ottoman Government is "ready to grant to the Malissori if they surrender within a fixed period." These include the concession of the demand that Albanian recruits shall not be sent out of the vilayet in which they are enrolled, except it be to Constantinople. But nothing is said about keeping foreign troops out of Albanian districts. In regard to arms, the surrendered weapons are to be labelled and stored; and a system

of gun licences is to meet the case of "persons whose occupation requires carrying of arms." But who is to define who these people are? Who is to apply the provisions to the non-Albanian Moslems?

But if the Albanians lay down their arms, what guarantees have they that a single Turkish promise will be fulfilled? All, or nearly all, these promises of July 8th have been made before—many, many times. The Albanians have—quite justifiably, in my humble opinion—lost all faith in Turkish promises.—Yours, &c.,

J. PALMER NEWBOULD.

(Member of the Balkan Committee.)

July 17th, 1911.

PENN AND THE WASTERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Desecration and defamation, like other offences, take new forms. A memorial to William Penn was unveiled yesterday in East London, and the President of the Pennsylvania Society appropriately recalled that, "at a time when the nations of the Old World carried the sword into the New Continent, wasting, slaying, and despoiling, William Penn employed only the arts of peace and justice." In the evening there was a "commemorative dinner" at Stafford House. It seems to have been chiefly attended by titled or decorated—and most un-Quakerish—persons, and to have been punctuated by Jingo speeches. Admiral Sir H. Lambton said that, "if they thought that by talking about peace they were going to get Continental nations to follow their example, they were making a great mistake." Lord Kitchener advertised conscription on the Australian model, and observed that the Army "highly appreciated" being glorified by the admirers of Penn. Lord Charles Beresford's great ambition is to police the world; but, he adds, "peace and goodwill among nations could never be brought about by sentiment."

I suppose these bright particular stars of the "wasting, slaying, and despoiling" professions imagine that in patronising the peace movement they are playing a rather smart game. It is a very nauseous mistake. The masses of the people may not know much about Penn, but they know that what these admirals and generals mean by peace is not what they themselves mean.—Yours, &c.,

G. H. P.

July 14th, 1911.

Poetry.

A WARWICKSHIRE SONG.

THERE are no oaks in all the shires

I love so well as those that spill

Smooth acorns from their mailed cups

Along the Warwick lanes; and still

The Avon holds as clear a way

As Tweed or Thames, and never blows

The wind along a sweeter land

Than that wheredown the Avon goes.

On northern hill and Sussex down,

In Derby dale and Lincoln fen,

I've trafficked with the winds of God

And talked and laughed with many men;

I've seen the ploughshare break the earth

From Cumberland to woody Kent;

I've followed Severn to the sea,

And heard the swollen tide of Trent.

I know the south, I know the north,

I've walked the counties up and down,

I've seen the ships go round the coast

From Mersey dock to London town;

I've seen the spires of east and west,

And sung for joy of what I've seen,

But oh, my heart is ever fain

Of ways where Avon's oaks are green.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"History of Economic Thought: A Critical Account of the Origin and Development of Economic Theories." By L. H. Haney. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

"Inter-Racial Problems." Edited by G. Spiller. (P. S. King. 7s. 6d. net.)

"Sociology Applied to Practical Politics." By John Beattie Crozier. (Longmans. 8s. net.)

"The Legacy of Past Years: A Study of Irish History." By the Earl of Dunraven. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

"George Eliot, Scenes and People in Her Novels." By C. S. Olcott. (Cassell. 6s. net.)

"Poems." By M. Jourdain. (Truslove & Hanson. 3s. 6d. net.)

"The Dawn of All." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"En Lisant les Beaux Vieux Livres." Par Emile Faguet. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)

"Gounod: Sa Vie et ses Œuvres." Par J. G. Prod'homme et A. Daudelot. (Paris: Delagrave. 3 fr. 50.)

"Ames d'Occident." Par Anatole Le Braz. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

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MR. SEEBOHM ROWNTREE has just finished a new book, which will be published during the autumn under the title of "Unemployment: A Social Study." It contains a detailed study of the problem of unemployment, illustrated by a census of the unemployed persons at York on a single day in 1910. Mr. Rowntree also refers to the results of his researches into the subject in Belgium and elsewhere, and lays stress on the value of cheap travel facilities, combined with small holdings for the workers.

* * *

"OUT OF THE IVORY PALACES" is the engaging title of a collection of essays by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, to be published in the autumn by Messrs. Mills and Boon. A good deal of the book is given up to antiquarian gossip about old English manor houses and their belongings, episcopal palaces, sanctuaries, leper-houses, and similar topics. But Mr. Ditchfield does not confine himself to this country. He prints an account of the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, written by an eye-witness, and found among the papers of the late Sir Francis Barry. Another interesting document is the diary of an old Indian Mutiny veteran, recently discovered in an English cottage.

* * *

THE next volume in the series of Cambridge Historical Essays will be "Dr. John Walker and 'The Sufferings of the Clergy,'" by Mr. G. B. Tatham. Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy" was published in 1714, and has never been reprinted in its entirety. It was called forth by Calamy's "Abridgement of the Life of Mr. Baxter," and was answered by Calamy in "The Church and Dissenters Compared as to Persecution," as well as by Withers and Neale. Walker estimated that from seven to eight thousand of the clergy were "imprisoned, banished, and sent a-starving" during the Rebellion and the Commonwealth; but his estimate is considered to be exaggerated by most modern historians. Mr. Tatham gives an appreciation of Walker's value as an authority, and he also prints a calendar of the Walker collection of letters and manuscripts.

* * *

THE first of a new series of short biographies of ideas, to be published by Messrs. Herbert and Daniel, is "The Story of Pierrot," by Mr. S. R. Littlewood, the dramatic critic of the "Daily Chronicle." It deals in popular but scholarly fashion with the whole career of Pierrot, from classic days to the present time, and has something to say of the history of other characters in the "Commedia dell' Arte"—Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, and others of the immortal troupe—in Italy, France, and England.

* * *

A VOLUME of reminiscences, entitled "Easy Chair Memories," by Mr. Edward Marston, is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low. Mr. Marston's "After Work: Fragments from the Workshop of an Old Publisher" was a pleasant volume of recollections, and many readers will be glad to have a further instalment. Mr. Marston is known to a wide public as the "Amateur Angler," and in the coming book he touches upon his favorite recreation.

* * *

AMONG the books announced by Messrs. Longmans for

the autumn is a "Life of the Marquise de La Rochejaquelein, the Heroine of La Vendée," by Mr. Maxwell Scott. Madame de La Rochejaquelein was only nineteen when, in 1791, she married M. de Lescure, whom she accompanied through all his adventures in La Vendée. Her husband died from a wound in 1794, and she retired to Spain, where she occupied herself in writing the first part of her "Mémoires." Some years later she returned to France, married Louis de La Rochejaquelein, and settled down at Clisson. The manuscript of her "Mémoires" was shown by Barante to Madame de Staël and several others. Talleyrand secured a copy, which he handed to Napoleon, and the work was widely read and discussed before its publication. It was first printed in 1815, but with many corrections made by Barante, and it was not until 1889 that an authoritative edition was issued by Madame de La Rochejaquelein's grandson. This, though based on the author's manuscript, is incomplete, as the editor thought it his duty "to suppress certain judgments too frankly expressed, or perhaps due to the youth of the writer."

* * *

THE same publishers have in the press "Civilisation at the Cross Roads," a course of lectures given at Harvard University last spring by Dr. J. Neville Figgis, as well as translations of Monsignor Batiffol's "Primitive Catholicism" and "The Credibility of the Gospels."

* * *

AN attempt to estimate the effect which "Syndicalism," or the French doctrine of the General Strike, is likely to have upon labor disputes in this country, forms the subject of Sir Arthur Clay's "Syndicalism and Labor in Europe and the United Kingdom," a book shortly to be published by Mr. Murray. Sir Arthur Clay begins by tracing the origin and meaning of the word "Syndicalism," then gives examples of attempts to put the doctrine in practice in different European countries, and concludes by examining the labor question in this country in connection with Trade Unionism, Socialism, and current politics.

* * *

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are about to publish a volume of critical studies, by Professor Jack, of Queen's College, London. It is called "Prose and Poetry," and Byron, Wordsworth, Gray, Burns, and George Meredith, are some of the writers of whom Professor Jack has written appreciations.

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THE annual business meeting of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland was held at Cambridge on Saturday last, and some matters of serious interest to the book trade were discussed. The general tone of the meeting was hardly optimistic. Mr. H. W. Keay, the president, recognised that publishers were now realising the necessity of allowing booksellers a fair margin of profit, and though admitting that there were few legitimate booksellers left, hoped that the Association might be able to improve the position of those who remained. More than once in these columns we have spoken of the loss caused by the disappearance of provincial book-shops, where books could be seen and handled by intending purchasers. These shops were often a meeting-place for people of bookish tastes, and in many cases the bookseller gave real help to those who wanted works on a particular subject. The various methods adopted by publishers of bringing their books before the public by other ways than those of the book-shop have met with little success, and we hope that the efforts of the Associated Booksellers will at any rate prevent the extinction of a valuable institution.

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THE death of M. François Hippolyte Garnier on Saturday last, at the age of ninety-seven, removes the last of the founders of Garnier Frères, the famous Parisian publishing firm. The three brothers Garnier went to Paris when mere lads to seek their fortune, and in 1833 they had saved enough money to begin publishing in a small way at the Palais Royal. They were at once successful, and issued nearly all the works of Sainte-Beuve, Chateaubriand's "Mémoires," Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," with Doré's illustrations, and many other volumes. A recent undertaking was M. Emile Ollivier's "L'Empire Libéral," in fifteen volumes, the last of which appeared not long ago.

Reviews.

TORYISM AND THE REFORMATION.

"Lollardy and the Reformation in England: an Historical Survey." By JAMES GAIRDNER, C.B., LL.D., D.Litt. Vol. 3. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

A YOUNG and enthusiastic High Church cleric not long ago liberated his soul after this fashion: "Would it not be grand," he exclaimed, "if it were proved that after all the Church was right and Galileo was wrong?" We would not for a moment suggest that Dr. Gairdner's appreciation of truth is on a par with that indicated by this illuminating comment, but a perusal of his "Lollardy and the Reformation" conveys the impression that he is a man of like affections who interprets history in the light of his religion. The value of this book, and particularly of this volume, is almost entirely subjective. It consists mainly of lengthy excerpts from, or paraphrases of, the regular sources, Foxe, Strype, the Parker Society's and Camden Society's publications, the Privy Council register, and the calendars of State papers, all pressed into the service of a strongly-held and preconceived theory of Church and State. If there be any truth in Professor Bury's canon that in so far as a writer desires his investigations to lead to any particular conclusion he is not a historian, then this book is not history; because Dr. Gairdner not only desires, but is certain, that his investigations will confirm his views. His history is, in fact, an expression of his faith, and it is important mainly because Dr. Gairdner is regarded as the chief historical pillar of the highest pinnacle in the Anglo-Catholic edifice.

This being so, we regret all the more having to confess our inability, not so much to appreciate his point of view, as to understand the reasoning by which Dr. Gairdner seeks to square it with his historical materials, or even the meaning he attaches to his terms. He prefaces this volume with an interesting *apologia*; and not the least interesting portion of it is that in which he attempts to define his attitude towards "heresy." Sundry Anglican critics have objected to Dr. Gairdner's description of the Reformers, Frith, Bilney, Tyndale, and others, as heretics, and pointed out that Dr. Gairdner would himself be called a heretic by those who applied the word to the reformers. Dr. Gairdner is obviously a little nettled by the criticism. "I protest," he writes (p. xix.) "that in mind I am not at all sectarian, if I know myself truly. And if my sole object is to seek for truth so far as my limitations permit me, then I am not a heretic at all, but a real Catholic, refusing to be bound by any school." Does not this make the imputation of motives the test of heresy? and by what criterion are we to decide that Dr. Gairdner's protest entitles him to the benefit of Catholicism, while Frith's, Bilney's, and Tyndale's do not? For they, too, protested that their sole object was to seek the truth; they even anticipated Dr. Gairdner's offer to submit his reason "to the Church—to a Church that is really universal." If single-minded seeking after truth is the touchstone of Catholicism, then are we all its admirers, if not its devotees; and Catholicism must open its doors to agnostics, Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and all the sects—unless, indeed, it makes the mental reservation that only those who found it in Catholic dogma can have sought truth with a single mind.

But, according to Dr. Gairdner, truth cannot flourish in the individual or the sect; the very claim of sects to existence (Dr. Gairdner grants them a legal right, but not a moral and spiritual right), "is fatal to the essence of Christianity itself" (p. xii.). For "the individual or the sect must be unfruitful in the nature of things until he or they take part somehow in the spiritual life of those about them." Are there, then, no fruitful Christians or Catholics in China and Japan? And how does this theory harmonise with the history of the Early Christian Church? Historically, much might be said for the theory that Christian missionaries of all ages have been most successful when they accommodated their Christianity to the customs, prejudices, and superstitions of those they went to convert; but we are sure that Dr. Gairdner does not mean this when he speaks of sects partaking of the spiritual life of those about

them. What, then, does he mean? He tells us that "mere opinions do not constitute heresy." Heresy, in fact, is open dissent from public authority. Individuals and sects are heretical because "it cannot be that whole nations, calling themselves Christians, and accepting expressly, or by implication, all that is written in the three Catholic creeds, can deviate, otherwise than accidentally and for a time, from the original deposit of the Faith" (p. xx.). We have no space to examine the manifold assumptions of this sentence. Briefly, we submit that its root idea is not Christianity; it is not even Catholicism; it is sheer, unadulterated Toryism, which might be argued with equal force by old Turks, high-caste Brahmins, or Manchus.

Dr. Gairdner's Christianity, indeed, appears as ill-defined a term as his Catholicism. On page 169 he says "once a constitution becomes despotic, so it must remain till war and statesmanship, and the still, small voice of Christianity amid the tumult, have succeeded in turning the despotism into a more genial form of government." This is a curious trinity of reform: war, statesmanship, and Christianity; but what does Dr. Gairdner mean by Christianity here? Was not Charles I. as good a Christian as John Pym, George III. as John Wilkes, and Louis XIV. as Rousseau or Voltaire? Surely Dr. Gairdner cannot identify Christianity with Liberalism or Revolution! The identification must be accidental, for we cannot avoid the conclusion that in Dr. Gairdner's mind Toryism is an essential element in Catholicism, if not in Christianity. "The whole of the government carried on in Edward's name," he tells us on page 366, "had been really quite unconstitutional." He does not attempt to substantiate his charge or even to explain his meaning; and the only suggestion we can offer is that he has been affected by recent political controversy, in which the word "unconstitutional" has commonly been used simply to describe a course of action of which one does not approve. The word has legitimate meanings, but none that are applicable to "the whole of the government carried on in Edward's name." For Dr. Gairdner would not contend that Edward's legislation was passed without the assent of Crown, Lords, and Commons, nor that the Privy Council was not entitled to rule during a royal minority. If by "the whole government" he means that part of the Government's ecclesiastical policy which was not sanctioned by the Church, then it must be replied that the later Elizabethan settlement of religion, which Dr. Gairdner accepts, was still more unconstitutional.

Possibly, Dr. Gairdner is thinking of the alleged packing of Parliament; but such a criterion might make all our government prior to 1832 unconstitutional, and Dr. Gairdner's evidence for exceptional packing under Edward is of the flimsiest description. He quotes as his authority Heylyn, who wrote a century later: "The cards were so, well packed by Sir Ralph Sadler that there was no need of any more shuffling till the end of the game; this very Parliament, without any sensible alteration of the members of it, being continued by prorogation from session to session, until at last it ended by the death of the King." The Parliament did not, as a matter of fact, last the whole reign, but was dissolved and another elected, in Northumberland's time. Dr. Gairdner calls this a "slight inaccuracy"; but it is Heylyn's major premiss, and his allegation of packing is merely a deduction from his assumption that the Parliament was so satisfactorily subservient that it was continued throughout the reign. Yet Dr. Gairdner accepts Heylyn's conclusion: "I have no doubt Heylyn had good authority that Sadler packed his Parliament." Again (page 46), he says Heylyn "must have had good authority" for another erroneous statement. But why "must" he have had better authority for the statement that Parliament was packed than for the assertion that it lasted the whole reign? As a matter of fact, Sadler was away on the Pinkie campaign while the elections were being held in England, and Heylyn's authority is worth nothing. Fortunately, two or three scholars are now paying some attention to the evidence for the packing of Parliament; and before long we may hope it will be impossible to base the history of the sixteenth century on the critical apparatus and the scholarship of a seventeenth-century controversialist.

A. F. POLLARD.

THE TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

"The Silva of California." By W. L. JEPSON. (Unwld. 42s. net.)

In a large royal quarto volume, with some 283 pages of text and 85 pages of illustrations, a very full and clear account is given of the trees forming the "silva" of California. The name of the State, conjuring up, as it does, ideas of furnace-like heat and dryness, scarcely gives one any indication of its hidden forest wealth. The earliest travellers, indeed, only reported bare hills and deserts, and not until Douglas, Nuttall, and other botanists arrived were any discoveries of forests made. The author, Mr. W. L. Jepson, happily divides the country into five distinct forest provinces, each of which shows different types of forest, such as the Senoran, Hudsonian, and Boreal, with different species of trees, though a few are common to several provinces. A good map at the end of the volume shows the boundaries of each. A very pleasing feature of the book is the acknowledgment of the author to the various contributors to the work, which is often lacking in American publications. The very full bibliography, consisting of forty-three authors, who have written forty-nine works between them on the Californian trees, adds very largely to the high value of this book. "Die Waldungen von Nord Amerika," by the late Professor Heinrich Mayr, is mentioned in the text, but is not included amongst the list of works on the subject. Sargent's "Forests of North America" is also not mentioned, though it has a distinct bearing on this subject. All the trees are no doubt noted in the fourteen volumes comprising Sargent's "Silva of North America," the most stupendous work of its kind in the English language, and only surpassed by Engler's "Pflanzenfamilien," with its twenty-three volumes. Much valuable information is also given in Mayr's "Wald-und-Bark-Baume."

In California one is apparently accustomed to deal in extremes with all things—heat, trees, and also mountains, as the highest peaks in the United States, some 14,000 to 16,000 feet, are situated there, and ranges some 300 miles long exist. With these come also wide ranges in the distribution of the forest trees. The yellow pine (*Pinus ponderosa*, the *ponderosa* of English gardens) is found practically at sea-level in some places and 7,000 feet at others, and, if the variety of *Pinus jefferyi* is included, it exists up to 9,000 feet. The willow again is found at sea-level, also at an elevation of 8,500 feet; in one place a tree, in another only a shrub. Everyone would, no doubt, be ready to acknowledge that more species of trees were indigenous to California than England, but with a total of ninety-two as it is, and forty-five typical only of California, it has a richer silva compared with its size than any other country in the world outside the tropics. Conifers are most largely represented with nine different groups, and thirty-eight different species. The pine family, with its seventeen different kinds, is most numerous. Next to this stands the oak, with nine species. There is one very interesting difference between the conifers and the broad-leaved species, and that is, although there are a large number of species in both groups, the conifers comprise by far the largest number of individuals in the forest, whereas the broad-leaved species have a distinct paucity of numbers. Many are local in occurrence, for forty-six species of trees are found, for instance, in the Mendocino country, within a radius of twenty miles, whereas in the Sacramento Valley few are found owing to the extreme dryness and small rainfall. As the author truly says, "People may, and do, live in the State for fifty years, and travel from one end to the other, without seeing either a Redwood or big tree." It is interesting to learn that many of the choicest ornamental trees of our gardens have their home in California, and many more might find a place here except for the vagaries of the English climate, which is sometimes too rigorous. Different species of all the English trees, except larch, true cedars, elm, beech, and Spanish chestnut, are found. The following are indigenous:—Pine, hemlock, spruce, Douglas fir, sequoia, juniper, libocedrus, cypress, arbutus, willow, poplar, walnut, alder, birch, oak, false chestnut, laurel, cherry, horse-chestnut, arbutus, ash, maple, and large leguminous trees. The student will find the keys to the family and genus invaluable. In the text a general account is given of the different forest zones,

also of the actual tree zones, in which different species grow. A very good census of the trees has been taken, and shows which are found in each province. The dendrological characteristics of the trees are described thoroughly. It is noteworthy that the Americans use "forestal" and "forestally," as the adjective and adverb of "forestry." "Stump-sprout" is also used as a verb or noun. "Stump-sprout" may not be exactly an euphonious word, but it will probably be welcomed sooner or later in the English forest literature. Climatic influences, especially that of the wind, affect the trees, and the latter can be very violent, as for instance, when it passes Point Reyes, sometimes at the rate of 120 miles per hour. Many trees become shaped according to the prevalent direction of the wind. Plates No. 8, 9, 10, and 11 illustrate these effects very accurately. Considering the trees more individually, the most important species is, no doubt, the *Sequoia sempervirens* and *giganta*, known in the literature of Hare and Gertrude Atherton as the "Redwoods and the big trees." Much romance and history cling about these primeval trees, belonging botanically as they do to a period when the world was in the making, and man did not exist. Battles royal have been waged on paper over the age of the Redwoods. Apparently some of the oldest are 2,000 years, and one may have been 4,000 years. They are, therefore, the longest-lived trees in the world, the English yews being somewhat younger on the whole. An enormous timber industry has come into being to utilise these monsters of the forest, sometimes 24 feet in diameter and 340 feet in height. "The scene in a logged and, therefore, burnt-over district, bristling with scattered standing trees or 'culls,' and covered with down timber, is one of almost terrifying desolation." However, in a few seasons, stool-shoots come out of the stumps and fresh green foliage from the bare stem to repair and cover up the awful wreckage caused by the never-ending requirements in timber of present-day civilisation.

The *Sequoia giganta* is, of course, the *Wellingtonia* of English gardens, and easily grows with great vigor in the south and west of England. The *Sequoia sempervirens* does not do so well, and suffers from early frost and smoke effects on the needles. The maples brighten the forests with their leaves in the autumn, and the little-known madrone—or giant arbutus—is beautiful anywhere. As the author truly says, in his picturesque language, "For, beyond any peradventure of doubt, it is the most handsome tree in California, and enlivens the forests and groves with its unrivalled woodland colors. Of slight economic importance as timber species, it is in every other way a notable tree—its crown of flower and masses of crimson berries, its burnished foliage and terra-cotta bark, its manner of branching and habit of growth are alike full of interest and charm."

With such choice words, the author almost completes his description of the "silva" of California. The nature-lover, student, arboriculturist, or forester will read this book with pleasure. It is only a pity that the binding, which is too thin, does not more fully indicate the rich interior in text and print. It would add to its value if, in a further edition, which, we trust, will soon have to appear, the plates were placed in the text where the different trees are described. An index of the plates should also be added. These adverse points do not detract from the high and lasting value of this monumental work, which is destined no doubt to remain one of the few standard books on this subject.

PORTUGAL'S KINGS.

"Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy: A Political Study." By V. DE BRAGANCA CUNHA. (Stephen Swift. 15s. net.)

If monarchy, as an institution, had to be judged by the characters and deeds of the long succession of crowned heads in Portugal, there would be nothing to say in its favor. The author of "Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy" makes this distressingly plain in his rather strange but impressive production, which is written with more restraint than one would expect from a native of his tormented little country. As alternative titles to his book, on its evidence, we would suggest "A Justification for Regicides," or "The

Decline and Fall of the Portuguese Nation"; although it is but fair to add that he makes no particular attack upon Portugal's easy-going penultimate king for his misgovernment.

The book has illustrations of recent Portuguese notabilities from the pencil of Mr. Tom Titt, an artist whose name is new to us. He does not flatter his subjects—indeed, leaves us in doubt if he is not primarily a caricaturist after Max Beerbohm. It is hard to believe that the brilliant historian Herculano had the Bedlamite appearance of his sketch, or that even Dom Carlos would have entrusted Portugal to the hands of a dictator with a face like Mr. Tom Titt's Franco; nor is Dom Manuel himself very pleasing as a frontispiece. But whether as a serious or a smiling draughtsman, Mr. Tom Titt is a welcome corrective for the melancholy induced by V. de Bragança Cunha's unpretentious little book.

It may seem strange that the author should include in his "Political Study" a chapter on Camoens, and yet it is not. In the rousing centuries when Portugal had opportunities for world-dominion laid at her feet, her kings were mere mouths for the gold, gems, and marketable spices of the Orient, to be shot into by the too-obsequious collectors. The mouths yawned wider and wider, and the kings themselves squandered the absorbed millions in the conventional kingly way of the period—palaces, harlots, churches, excitements of war, and pleasures of the table. These were the superlative days of "Dei Gratia," in deed and faith. No country in Europe had then so enviable a stock of great men. It was Portugal's misfortune that her heroes were all faithful subjects as well as great men—abjectly faithful and splendidly great. One Cromwell in the host of them, and the map of the world to-day might be colored very differently. But there was no luck of that kind for Portugal. One after the other, her heroes came loyally to the heels of their kings, to be kicked into the gutter when they seemed dangerously great, or had spent themselves to the uttermost. The Court of Lisbon in those days was as appalling a glutton and golgotha of intellect as our own modern Fleet Street and thereabouts. Of such noble, broken hearts Camoens was a type. He died in 1579, in a Lisbon hospital, "without having a sheet or shroud to cover him, after having triumphed in the East and sailed 5,000 leagues." His Oriental triumphs were of small account, but not so his devotion to high ideals. All honor to Portugal, her kings excepted, for the reverence later accorded his genius and pure patriotism; and all sympathy be with those of her reformers now in authority who faced the perils of revolutionaries under so noble an inspiration "*pro patria!*" For this reason Camoens claims his chapter in this survey of the national vicissitudes of our warm-hearted and long-suffering Lusitanian friends. The sixty years captivity opened with Camoens' death. When, in 1580, Philip II. entered Lisbon as a conqueror, he wished to see the great poet. He was too late even to buy him a shroud, but he did better in befriending his stricken old mother. In any earnest discussion of Pan-Iberian schemes, Portugal may remember this to the credit of a Spaniard who was also a king. Even the most sinister of men has his moments.

The tragedy of Portugal's misrule began with her scuffle for mere gold. In the previous centuries, although there was of course nothing like representative government, the Cortes made its power felt for good. But when our author talks about it as investing the first king with his crown, and deposing Sancho II., he must be taken with a large grain of salt. Affonso Henriques became king after the Battle of Ouriques, in 1139, as inevitably as William the Conqueror after Hastings; and Sancho's downfall was almost wholly a matter of Papal revenge for his attempts to restrain his great clerics from gross interference with the temporal affairs of the realm. There was no Cortes in our author's meaning in those days. The spoils of existence were then confined in an arena to which only mailed knights and the clergy were admitted. The king and his magnates lived one kind of life and the people another, with few links of attachment. The people had nothing material to do with politics. Their politics were in their markets and town councils, and only when followers were needed for the battlefield were they forced to realise their sovereign lord the King. A century or two later, however, the Portuguese people had made remarkable progress in virility. The Cortes of 1352 remon-

strated in admirable style with Alfonso IV. for hunting instead of attending to business:—

"Sir, you ought to amend the life you lead, and remember that you were given to us as a king in order to govern us."

It is certain that God will not demand of you the number of boars and stags you have killed, but rather of the complaints which you have not heard, and the duties you have not performed. . . . Reform, or if not, we will seek another king, who may govern us with justice, and not abandon the government of his subjects for the pursuit of wild beasts."

This not so long after our own Commons' sickly display to Edward III. about the war with France:—

"Most dreaded lord, as to your war and the equipment necessary for it, we are so ignorant and simple that we know not how, nor have the power to devise, etc."

It were futile to dwell upon Portugal's recent agonies, about which our author does not say too much. The records of her writhing under all kinds of calamity and humiliation from Napoleonic times until the assassination of Dom Carlos are nothing less than astounding. Government by a conspiracy of corruption in the interests of a few at the expense of the nation was a sad enough ending for Portugal's monarchy the other day. The author tells the dreary tale of the "rotativo" system once again. He makes no guesses about the future, and herein he is wise; that is a nut for the gods to crack. To most of us the prospects of the second Manuel's reinstatement on the throne will seem very doubtful; but there is no knowing; youth is adventurous, and the Portuguese are romantic and chivalrous, as well as inexpressibly patient under affliction; and on the showing of the last hundred years the wheel of fortune turns fast in the Peninsula. This, however, may be said with full assurance—that Dom Manuel were better a king-in-exile at Richmond for life than crowned head again in Portugal, unless he returns to his country with a conscience and such trained capacity for modern democratic kingcraft as it were bold to hope for in a member of the House of Bragança.

THE NEW GUIDE BOOK.

"The South Wales Coast." By ERNEST RHYS. (Unwin. 6s. net.)

MR. ERNEST RHYS's "South Wales Coast" is the fourth in a series of "descriptive, historical, and literary handbooks" dealing with the coast of this island. They are not guides, but books which presumably aim at being self-sufficing—at being able to hold the attention of a reader, whether he has or has not any experience of the country described, or any need to learn about it. The choice of Mr. Arthur L. Salmon for the coast of Cornwall and of Mr. Rhys for South Wales makes it obvious that more than instruction is designed. If the series continues, it will reach to at least a score of volumes; if it does not, books of this kind, written throughout with due regard to grammar, will probably still exceed in number the new practical guide books, if we exclude those of a very local scope and sale. They are easier to write. An accurate guide, both minute and well proportioned, is an exceedingly difficult thing to write; and even a second or third-rate one means a great outlay of time, money, eyesight, and shoe-leather, in exchange for little money and less glory. Such books are also more difficult to read. To skimmers of the country they are nothing but vexation, and it is naturally on skimmers and on intending authors that the sale of guides must depend. Each good book becomes the half-buried apex of an increasing inverted pyramid of volumes. Each is the mainstay of two or three more or less solid books, which, in their turn, help in the multiplication of the vulgar multi-tudes.

The old race of guide-book writers rarely revealed their humanity, and never exposed it. They gave honey, but no flowers. The race of "descriptive, historical, and literary" writers are, if anything, too eager to show us the flowers and their own wantoning amongst them. They give a pound of this kind of sweet to an ounce of the sour of information. They temper their wisdom to the shorn lambs of the public, but for a bad reason. They have been deceived by Borrow or Cobbett, or some other man who preserved his identity, whatever he did and wherever he went; and forthwith they have proceeded to rely upon their personalities, inventing

meditations as Livy did speeches for his heroes. But, granting that these personalities are all rich or strange, if not both, it is setting them an impossible task to keep going throughout a book on Huntingdonshire, or what not, written probably at short notice, for the benefit of a publisher and their own butchers and bakers. Year after year these tasks are attempted. The rich or strange personality suffers, and produces a book that is neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. It is useless as a guide, because it is inaccurate, or superficial, or scrappy—and it may be all three. It is also impossible to read, as are all books mechanically trying to give life and spirit to matters which do not really concern the authors. It may safely be said of nine-tenths of these "literary" topographical books that their authors have either written of what did not concern them, or have been compelled by the conditions of trade to adopt an artificial and sterilising attitude towards their subject.

Some of these writers, therefore, are purely perfunctory, filling up their own second-hand rambling pages with undisguised quotations; others whip themselves up to little better purpose; of the unprofessional authors, too content with writing to consider the consequences—or lack of them—we need not speak. But between them, these topographers abuse more paper with less excuse than almost any other class of prose writers. The exceptions are very few. A man who has remained honest—though poor and weary—or has kept alive, and even visible, a small flame of life in his description and borrowed narrative, sometimes earns excessive praise, if he is not smothered by his rivals. Mr. Ernest Rhys has now written his first book of this kind, and he is clearly one of the exceptions. He gives proof after proof that he knows South Wales, apart from the necessity of authorship, and loves it for itself, as well as for its being native soil. He is at home in the many varieties of scene to be met among the works of man and God along this coast—between the Severn and the Ystwyth—and in his reminiscences of men as different as Dafydd ap Gwilym, Steele, Landor, and the baffled Watcyn Wyn. His preferences for the romantic, the old, and the remote are obvious, and he does well to indulge them; but he has not neglected his duty to things which are not romantic or old or remote, for he has wide sympathies along with his intense affections. Most of his ground has been covered by Mr. A. G. Bradley in "Highways and By-ways in South Wales" and "In the March and Borderland of Wales," and, for a man who knows pretty nearly everything and goes everywhere, Mr. Bradley preserves a miraculous vitality, and makes the best possible books of the kind. Mr. Rhys could not, and does not, compete with him; but his delicacy, mystery, and color supply needs which are not satisfied by Mr. Bradley's unceasing alertness, clearness, and geniality, and towards the end of his book he shows up against his own Celtic background a long and admirable plain description of the birds' island of Grassholm, off Pembroke-shire, by Mr. T. H. Thomas. Mr. Thomas's pictures do not add much to the charm of this by no means well-illustrated book.

SAINTS AND SIRENS.

"Siren Land." By NORMAN DOUGLAS. (Dent. 6s. net.)

IN "Siren Land" Mr. Norman Douglas has produced a book quite original in literary flavor. The Sirens, their cult and legendary history, form the author's starting-point for an excursus—witty, learned, and anecdotic—on the charmed classic territory that stretches from Pompeii to Capri. From an intimate familiarity with the people of the district springs the author's keen but sympathetic commentary on Italian character, and to the latter he adds many charming descriptions of land and seascape, and a most entertaining knowledge of the literature of his subject. Mr. Douglas's pages have the tonic, refreshing qualities of a good sparkling wine: he has style and breeding, wit, and a malicious sanity. One may guess that Lucian, Montaigne, and Voltaire are authors specially dear to him, and he has the rare faculty of improving whatever he touches. English writers on the soil and genius of Italy are apt to take an over-solemn view of their responsibilities. Not so Mr. Douglas, who discusses with the insight of a man of the world Tacitus's libels on the character of Tiberius, the

Life of Sister Serafina, the flavors of Southern cookery, the superior culture of the Greeks, and a hundred other pleasant topics, on all of which he has original things to say. History, as our author sees it, is a superstructure of legend, romance, opinion, prejudice, and art, cemented together with lies, weighing down the buried foundations of truth. Mr. Douglas remains tolerant on the whole to the eccentric folly of his incorrigible kind, and the only spectacle that moves his ire is the religious fanaticism of medieval dogmatists. His chapter on Sister Serafina is severe, but it has the judicial weight of a man who has studied his subject. One may, perhaps, surmise that his racial sympathies are not with the Latin races, and that he knows what it is to long for the strenuous virtues of life under Northern skies. The artistic effect of the book is, however, created in part by the fact that Mr. Douglas does not identify his sympathies with his subject, but leaves his irony full play to glance in any direction at his pleasure. Incidentally, many curious facts are disinterred from the dim literary archives in which the author has ferreted. Who would have imagined, for example, that in the royal archives of Portugal are preserved the records of a costly litigation between the Crown and the Grand Master of the Order of Saint James, as to who should possess the Sirens cast up by the sea on the Grand Master's shores? The suit ended in the King's favor. "Be it enacted—that Sirens and other marine monsters ejected by the waves upon land owned by the Grand Master, shall pass into the possession of the King." In the chapter, "The Cove of Crapolla," there are some delightful local anecdotes; such as that about the fraudulent priest, who, on attempting to exorcise a spectre, was told: "You doctored your uncle's will; you had four-and-a-half litres of wine yesterday, and last Wednesday you cheated sixteen francs out of your uncle. And what are you doing to-day? Looking for a new cook, as usual. And why? Because . . ."

A FEMININE NOVEL.

"Mastering Flame." ANONYMOUS. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

HAS the anonymous author of "Mastering Flame" other novels to her credit? A certain subtlety of touch and graceful fluency hint at literary experience. It is noticeable how much cleverer are women novelists in drawing social pictures, hitting off the give-and-take of personal interchange, and suggesting an emotional atmosphere, than in planning the architecture or establishing the structure of a drama. We take it that this anonymous author is a woman, for not only is the picturesque hero, Randal Wayne, endowed with that inscrutable, mysterious charm, that fascinating smile that bring all women to his feet, but after rusting in the Far East for ten years, he takes charge of the Consular Bureau at Washington, over which all the other men have failed, "and makes it into a spectacular triumph for the Government in two months," proving himself to be "a bigger man" than his famous uncle, the Secretary. Of course, this sounds very American, but it is a mark of the feminine author to want to have it every way, and for both the hero and heroine in the story there are positively no limitations in the way of beauty, charm, soul, mystery, social power, or delicious thrilling failure. It is also a mark of the feminine temperament to sort all the characters, after a lightning flash of first scrutiny, into the "sympathetic" or "unsympathetic" class, and deal with them as the proverbial stepmother deals with her own and her adopted children. Thus, in the first chapter of "Mastering Flame," which brings before us with malicious piquancy the atmosphere of tittle-tattle of the "colorless, semi-animated residents" of the European colony at Hong-Kong, we find there are two sympathetic characters, beside the hero and heroine—viz., the clairvoyant, graceful Englishwoman, Caro, and the subtle Roger Maddox. Both Caro and Roger are interesting—i.e., the discerning person could fall in love with them, which would be out of the question in the case of Mr. Soper, the rector, or Jenks, the curate—"a fat blonde man with a voice"—or the ample Mrs. Twinehurst or her "frilly" nieces, or Mrs. Levring, or the rich business American, John Armistead. A man might foolishly try to hold the balance fair, and exhibit all the good points of the brisk, kindly, energetic, blunt millionaire,

Armistead, who, in his stupidity, confides his exquisite wife, Lilith, to the care of his "old chum," Randal Wayne, the subtle, inscrutable Consul, who has absorbed "the Secret of the East," and is always fascinatingly "winning," yet exquisitely tantalising in his tranquil evasiveness. But the author knows too well that a husband who gives all his days and nights to rushing over the world in pursuit of money and to piling up more millions than he can spend, deserves to be deceived by his "ravishing" wife.

Women novelists may be roughly divided into the class that treats the moral law as an altar stone of renunciation, and the class that views it as the man-made law to be skirted round. In "Mastering Flame," with praiseworthy ingenuity, the figure of the American college-girl, Zona, is brought on the scene as umpire. Zona, before she learns from her own heart how to love, is all intellectual hardness and passionless New England "brightness"; Lilith, the heroine, who has a Spanish mother from New Orleans, is everything the American girl is not—i.e., languid, gracious, passionate, volcanic, mysteriously seductive, "with a unique soul of marvellous beauty," and so on; and Zona yields before the spell of Lilith's fascinations. Again, it takes an intelligent woman to appreciate the appeal of another woman's beauty, and women authors seem always in danger of over-estimating its spell. A mere man would find it necessary to idealise the heroine by endowing her with depth of feeling or spiritual insight; but the woman novelist touches her in with a succession of such phrases as "the perfect voice trailed off into dreamy silence," "her skin, faintly tinged like a camellia," "the emerald under-flash of her eyes," "her polished-ivory skin and swaying slenderness." Since women are apt to be much taken up with the interest of what is happening between A and B, and the obstacles that environment, fate, and stupid relatives put in the path of their emotions, it often happens that psychological analysis is neglected in favor of sensuous outpourings. And hence, when all the changes possible have been rung on the "charm" or the mysterious fascination of the hero's and heroine's personality, we are apt to find a sudden collapse in the artistic structure.

This is what meets us in the second half of "Mastering Flame." The author, having exhausted her portfolio of clever sketches of social life in Hong-Kong, and having read infinite meanings into the superficial contacts of her "sympathetic" people, apparently feels she can get no forrarder on these lines, and shifts her base and transports her characters to America. The result is fatal. The illusion of the story fades out with "the glamor of the East," and the psychological interest, such as it is, is swallowed up in a yeasty sea of sentimentality. The justification of "Mastering Flame" should lie in the illuminating exposition of the passion of these two "unique" beings, Lilith and Wayne, but the author, femininely, will not run directly counter to the pressure of social conventions, and evades the real issue. Since the heroine has already long recognised that nothing but a conventional tie binds her to her dense husband, Jack Armistead, we have the right to expect that the drama will concern itself with the conflicting claims of the three people. But Wayne, about whose mysterious, personal force so many fine things have been said, can do nothing to substantiate his "passion." He comes back from the East, poses, pays a single visit to the heroine, and then fades back into the East again, like the boojum of story. Lilith, unlike Wayne, doesn't go "drowsing about with fish's blood in her veins," and takes ship after him, carrying with her the boy Dal, Wayne's nephew, who is the born image of himself. A good deal of crude sentimentalism about Dal and Uncle Randy, of the kind specially beloved of Americans, has been interwoven with the texture of the story, presumably to excite the sympathy of the respectable audience. Anyway, Lilith sails for Hong-Kong, and her ship catches fire, and woman and boy go down to glory in a melodramatic *finale*. "Flame! flame! it was her essence, her origin, coming to claim her. She knelt there before it in her glowing orange robe, holding the child's hand, while the glory of her hair gleamed round them both." Thus endeth the eleventh chapter, and in Chapter XII. the angry millionaire husband appears in Hong-Kong and covers Randal Wayne with a revolver till the latter explains the niceties of the situation to "the worn-out American." "You started her on her evolution," he says. "You fed

her soul with the beauty she craved then, and I—completed what you had begun. It is together we made this woman, gave her back greater than she was sent; and is it not together we must bear the loss of her?" The appeased husband merely replies, awkwardly, "Guess, I must be going along. Guess to-morrow 'll see me sailin' back to the States, and gettin' down to business."

Our line of analysis may possibly lead our readers to conclude that "Mastering Flame" is scarcely a promising achievement. But the story is, in fact, full of subtlety and cleverness, though it goes to pieces irremediably in the last half. It is an example of the danger that threatens many women writers directly they get the emotional values a little false. The whole illusion fades: the figures are shown to be puppets, and all the acute observation, insight into feeling, and impressionistic talent are seen as so much waste of good line and color on an inherently poor and faulty design.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The East in the West, from an American Point of View.
By PRICE COLLIER. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is extremely difficult to indicate within the limits of a short review the character of Mr. Price Collier's book, and the kind of impression which it leaves upon the mind. The author's main purpose, we gather, is to show the American public that "British rule in India is the greatest blessing and the most splendid service ever rendered to one people by a stranger nation." Yet he seems to take the keenest pleasure in saying disagreeable things about nearly all our works and ways, which things would be a good deal more effective if they were somewhat less confused. Thus, while our officers in India are described as cold, stolid, and aloof, Mr. Collier has no words fierce enough to express his contempt for the efforts now being made to improve the painfully strained relations between European and Indian. Those efforts, it is true, lend themselves easily to ridicule, especially when they are calculated and official. Yet, if our American critic were better informed, he would know that the grave evil they are designed to cure is an inevitable result of the attitude of West to East which he so emphatically approves. But it is often far from easy to make out exactly what Mr. Collier is trying to say, since his habit is to present the reader with two mutually destructive statements on a given subject. This happens all through the book, and particularly in the chapters dealing with religion, caste, and education. On page 129, for example, he quotes figures to prove the illiteracy of Indian women. The figures are slightly in favor of the Hindu community. On page 124, being anxious for some reason to prove the superior education of the Mahomedans (having elsewhere implied that literacy is mischief), he makes the preposterous statement that "of the 55 million adult Mahomedans, about 75 per cent. can read and write in Hindustani, and some 10 per cent. are acquainted with English." In describing the political rottenness of the England which gave birth to Clive, he uses language almost as strong as that in which he denounces present-day New York: "the greatest city in the greatest Republic in the world, ruled and robbed by the most corrupt society of plunderers ever kept together for a hundred years." And yet, with cheery inconsequence, Mr. Collier can write: "Clive fought like an Englishman, but he bribed, deceived, and, on one occasion, actually forged a name to a treaty—like an Oriental!" After this the reader can hardly be surprised to learn that "the social economy of the East is based upon the law of the jungle, we of the West make the attempt, at least, to base our own upon the dicta of Christ." It is a pity that Mr. Collier, who travelled in India under official and princely patronage, did not confine himself to descriptions of the picturesque, which he does quite passably. His American readers would then have escaped being misled by the many blunders in matters of fact and by a string of political judgments which, for perversity and irrelevance, it would be rather hard to beat in the recent literature of West and East.

"The Mystic Bride: A Study of the Life-Story of Catherine of Siena." By Mrs. AUBREY RICHARDSON. (Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS biography of St. Catherine of Siena makes no claim to original research. It is based upon the works of previous biographers, and cannot bear comparison with a book like Professor Edmund Gardner's admirable account of the saint and her times, which appeared four years ago. Using materials to be found in that and other books easily accessible, Mrs. Richardson's aim has been "to compare and interpret existing presentments of a woman who, typically and individually, was, indeed, . . . a representative for all time of womanhood and saintship." We cannot say that this has been done with great success, for, although Mrs. Richardson has a proper admiration for St. Catherine, and sometimes writes with sense and shrewdness, she slurs over several of the problems presented by the saint's mystical experiences, and takes refuge in vague and ambiguous pronouncements. It requires a thorough knowledge of mysticism to enter fully into this side of Saint Catherine's character, as it requires an exact knowledge of the history of the fourteenth century to appreciate the political influence of the woman who persuaded Gregory XI. to break with the French cardinals at Avignon and return to Rome. But the story of St. Catherine is always full of interest, and Mrs. Richardson's book may be read with satisfaction by those who would be repelled by a more scholarly work.

"The Campaigns and History of the Royal Irish Regiment." By Lieut.-Colonel G. DE M. GRETTON. (Blackwood. 6s. net.)

STUDENTS of military history, as well as all officers and privates of this celebrated regiment, will welcome this book. First, we wonder how such a volume could be published at the price—well bound, well printed, illustrated, and over 450 large pages in length. Then we are carried away by the fascination of the story. It takes us from the first enrolment of the "Royal Irish," under Charles II., right through the series of our wars down to Pretoria, with the Peninsular and Waterloo as the only exceptions. We admit those exceptions are important, but, after all, little more than 20,000 men served in the Peninsula at a time, and we then had nearly 200,000 other troops distributed throughout the kingdom and Empire. The Royal Irish had the misfortune to be stationed in the West Indies, where they lost more men by disease than they would probably have lost in all the Peninsular battles put together. For the rest, we begin with the fighting in Ireland, the regiment serving first as Catholic, and then as Protestant; we proceed to the whole series of Marlborough's campaigns, the siege of Gibraltar, the American War of Independence, the early Napoleonic wars, China, Burma, the Crimea, the Mutiny, Afghanistan, Egypt, and the Nile, Tirah, and South Africa. Throughout all its history, the old 18th has preserved its proverbial characteristics—rough, hard, and dare-devil. It illustrates the truth that a name or a number is almost as inspiring in war as a cause or a country.

"Aspects of Death in Art." By F. PARKES WEBER. (Unwin. 5s. net.)

SENECA wrote of death, that on nothing was meditation so necessary, and there are few classical philosophers who do not insist upon the wholesomeness of the *memento mori* principle. For that reason, possibly, our forefathers in general were more anxious to remember their own mortality than can be said of ourselves. Their self-reminders, in the form of coins, medals, and so forth, of a *memento mori* description, are dealt with solidly and with a generous wealth of quotation by Dr. Weber, and though the subject is ostensibly one of numismatic and antiquarian interest, its human significance is quite sufficient to justify the appeal to a wider public. The medieval popularity of the "Danse Macabre" as a theme of art, the widespread custom of decorating the obverse of a medal struck in commemoration of some notability with a design symbolic of Death, and the general penchant for carrying about, upon finger-rings, engraved gems and other personal jewelry, a chaste token of the same character, indicate the strength of this sentiment. Of course, it still survives, and will survive; but its media of expression are more limited. From pictorial portraiture, for instance, it has been banished altogether; and he would be a bold portrait-painter who introduced into a patron's picture a symbol so unkindly suggestive as the

skeleton in Holbein's painting of Sir Brian Tuke. Dr. Weber arranges his extensive material with considerable skill, reserving for the second half of the book the descriptive account of the various *objets d'art* that have come under his notice in the present connection, and prefacing this, first, with an introduction to the whole subject, and secondly, with an analysis of "the various possible aspects of death and the mental attitudes towards the idea of death," showing the headings under which the illustrations of the *memento mori* idea can be grouped.

"From Memory's Shrine: The Reminiscences of Carmen Sylva (H. M. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.)" Translated from the German by EDITH HOPKIRK. (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Queen of Roumania's reminiscences deal for the most part with her childhood and early years, and are written in a tone of simple candor, which, to some extent, compensates for the absence of anything striking in the book. We get a picture of life at a German Court, are introduced to Carmen Sylva's relations, friends, tutors, and retainers, and supplied with material which enables us to form an image of a lively and imaginative young girl moving about in a world which she was just beginning to realise. The account of Carmen Sylva's grandmother, a daughter of the notorious Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, shows the lengths to which that ruler carried domestic tyranny. The health of two of his daughters was ruined by the severities to which they were subjected, and his wife's life was so miserable that when she wrote her memoirs, she entitled them "*Histoire de Mes Peines*." There is some account of Madame Schumann, Bunsen, and Bernays, for all of whom Carmen Sylva had a warm affection, and there are a few glimpses of the upheaval in Germany during 1848. The book calls for little by way of notice beyond saying that admirers of Carmen Sylva will enjoy her gossip of the years before she became the wife of Prince Charles, and that it lacks both an index and an adequate table of contents.

"Secret Societies and the French Revolution." By UNA BIRCH. (Lane. 5s. net.)

MISS BIRCH's book contains four essays, the first of which gives its name to the volume, the three others treating of the mysterious Comte de Saint-Germain, of "Religious Liberty and the French Revolution," and of Madame de Staël and Napoleon. The opening essay is a strong argument for the view that Freemasonry and the organisation of the Masonic lodges supplied the machinery for disseminating "the ideas of 1789," and set up republicanism. This theory has fallen into discredit, chiefly owing to the violent and unsupported assertions of its clerical advocates; but Miss Birch goes far to show that it has some basis of truth. We find it difficult, however, to accept her further suggestion, that the directing mind of the whole system is to be found in the ex-Jesuit, Weishaupt, who had been Professor of Canon Law at the University of Ingolstadt. But that Freemasonry was a force in the French Revolution cannot now be denied, and Miss Birch can say with justice that "a co-ordinate working basis of ideas had been established through the agency of the lodges of France," and that these lodges awakened "thousands of men, unable to form a political opinion or judgment for themselves, to a sense of their own responsibility and their own power in furthering the great movement towards a new order of affairs." The discussion of religious liberty and the Revolution takes the view that at first there was no hostility to religion, but merely a determination to reform ecclesiastical abuses. Miss Birch writes in an interesting way, and her book is evidently the result of wide reading on the subject.

"Whistler." By FRANK RUTTER. (Grant Richards. 2s. net.)

THIS little volume is not a very serious contribution to Whistlerian literature. Its principal feature, perhaps, is the author's apparent delight in resuscitating ancient controversies already made familiar to the world by the Pennells and others. For instance, the story of the famous libel action against Ruskin is re-told with all the sound and fury of a youthful partisan who has heard it for the first time. Ruskin is pursued through several pages with a vast vindictiveness to the end that Mr. Rutter may prove him guilty, not merely of error but of a generally distorted mind. P. G. Hammerton, another critic who is beyond the reach

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of Mr. Rutter's literary arrows, is the subject of scorn as virulent as any that Whistler himself bestowed. The account of Whistler's quarrel with the Royal Society of British Artists makes not the slightest attempt to do justice to the point of view of the latter. Happily, Mr. Rutter's estimate of Whistler's art is more careful and lucid than these lapses into vituperative partiality would lead one to suppose. Otherwise we should be disposed to echo the opening sentences of Mr. Mortimer Mompes's book, "Whistler as I knew him: " "The cry of Whistler's life was, 'Save me from my friends!' If only he could hear them now, the cry, I feel sure, would be still more terrible."

The Week in the City

	Price Friday morning, July 14.	Price Friday morning, July 21.
Consols	78½	79½
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THE Stock Markets this week have presented a dull appearance, though, in other circumstances, the Home Railway dividends might have stimulated interest. The Brighton Company's dividend, increasing the distribution of the Ordinary Stock from 3 to 3½ per cent. per annum, caused a good deal of satisfaction. There was a gross increase of £40,000 in traffics, the extra dividend costing about £25,000. The Great Eastern has also advanced by a ½ per cent., the traffic gain being £62,500, of which the increased dividend takes £38,000. Consols are still under a cloud, and Home securities generally, including railways, have suffered from apprehensions caused by the labor troubles at Cardiff and elsewhere. The labor outlook, in fact, is giving a good deal of anxiety, for the City feels that a spirit of unrest and discontent is evidently about. It is thought, perhaps correctly, that the success of the shipping strikes may lead to less justifiable claims being put forward. Nevertheless, trade generally is good, and the City magnate is strangely apathetic about the House of Lords. The foreign market has been disturbed by adverse political influences. The friction between Spain, France, and Morocco has complicated the situation once more, though the French appear to be taking the German claims for compensation elsewhere in good part. On Wednesday the Persian loan fell from par to ¾ discount on the return of the ex-Shah. The revolution in Peru has been bad for Peruvian Corporations, and Portuguese Threes have also been depressed by the reports of a continuance of the Monarchic and Catholic movement against the new Republic. Thursday was a worse day than Wednesday, and quite a slump occurred in American Railways, owing to heavy sales on Berlin account. A Bearish article in the "Times" about Germany's pretensions for compensation in Africa did no good. The Coronation backwash is still felt, and one may doubt whether much more can be done till after the holidays.

MONEY AND CROPS.

During this week the glut of money for short loans has continued, but the discount rate has stiffened perceptibly, for the market is beginning to expect heavy gold exports to Egypt before very long. The Bank return is no stronger than last week, and Turkey has begun to draw gold—probably for military purposes. The Egyptian cotton crop is said to be a large one, and the demand for gold on this score may prove to be unusually heavy. Nor would it be surprising, should the bumper crop in Canada come off—and the latest reports are very favorable—if ready money were to become scarce in Montreal and New York. The wheat crop of the United States has suffered too much from heat and drought to be above normal; but the cotton crop happily is now expected to prove a very heavy one. It is customary in the United States and Canada to discount the future freely. The farmers and planters sell their crops ahead, and consequently finance bills or "kites" begin to fly about in London long before the crops require to be moved. I do not mean to suggest that money is likely to be unusually dear this autumn, only that there is less probability now than a week ago that it will be unusually cheap.

LUCULLUM.

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH COY. LTD.

COMMENDATORE G. MARCONI presided over a large gathering of shareholders of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., Ltd., at the Whitehall Rooms, on Thursday. He claimed that his forecast at the previous meeting, that there was good reason to expect that not only would Preference shareholders be able to look in the future for regular payments of their dividends, but that the Ordinary shareholders might also expect to receive very shortly a return, had been fully justified. The figure on the credit side of the profit and loss account of £127,452, representing balance of contract and trading account, showed in itself the magnificent progress of the business.

The Chairman went on to speak of the satisfactory working of the trans-Atlantic service, which had demonstrated beyond question the great practical value of wireless telegraphy for long-distance telegraph service, and stated that it was possible that at an early date they would carry into effect their intention of accepting plain English messages at the rate of 4d. per word, which should bring them in a great many messages in plain English which were now sent by code at 7½d. per word. He was engaged at the moment in introducing their duplex system at Clifden, and thereafter at Glace Bay, which should double the capacity of their service with very small increase of running expenses.

The work completed during the year included two stations in Brazil for the Maderia Maore Railway, which put Porto Velho, a spot entirely cut off from all communication with the outer world other than by a three weeks' river journey from Manaus, into radio-telegraphic communication with that port, 600 miles away. That was a development which indicated the probable adoption of wireless telegraphy in undeveloped countries for the commercial telegraph service of the future. Other important contracts entered into included the erection of stations in Italy, Turkey, Greece, Spain, and the Canary Islands, while a first agreement made with the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company for the erection of a station at Cocos Island was the first of a series of coast stations extending to Hong Kong, Singapore, Malta, and Gibraltar, which should materially assist their international maritime business.

After referring to the upshot of the recent litigation, which he said had had the effect of materially strengthening their position, the Chairman concluded with an explanation of the board's procedure in connection with the dividend declaration. There was perhaps no precedent for the course which they had thought proper to adopt in not stating in their report the dividend which they should propose upon the Ordinary shares, but they had had present in their minds the feeling that certain negotiations might have been completed prior to the actual date of the meeting, when they would have been in the analogous position of having to recommend at the general meeting a bigger distribution than that which they might have recommended in the report. They therefore had decided to allow events in the interregnum to guide them in the course they should take at the general meeting, and the board was unanimous in contenting itself for the present with the declaration of an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares for the six months ended June 30th, 1911, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum.

Mr. Godfrey C. Isaacs, the managing director, in seconding the resolution, said he had been frequently asked of late what would be their position when the Four Sevens patent matured. In the first instance, before that time arrived they would have built up a large and staple business, but in any case he was advised and believed that for so important an invention they would have no difficulty in obtaining a substantial extension of their patent. But their Four Sevens was only a part—true, an important part, but nevertheless only a part—of their system of wireless telegraphy. The whole consisted of this and a number of other patents of importance, and to these Mr. Marconi added improvements year by year. They had an excellent example of this in the new duplex system. Who would be satisfied to-morrow with their Four Sevens and other patents, or with any other system of wireless telegraphy, if the duplex, which doubled capacity, were not included?

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

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PRESIDING on Thursday at the tenth annual meeting, which was held at Salisbury House, Finsbury Circus, Sir Adolph Tuck, Bt. (Chairman of the company) gave a short retrospect of the results achieved during the ten years that had elapsed since the formation of the company. He said that while every one of those years could not claim to have entirely fulfilled anticipations, they had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results as a whole, bearing in mind the vicissitudes of trade in general. Those results expressed in yearly dividends—always fully earned—and in which they had not failed the shareholders once, exhibited the payment of 8 per cent. per annum for the first six years of the existence of the company, of 6 per cent. per annum for the seventh year, 5 per cent. for the eighth year, again increased to 6 per cent. for the ninth, and now the tenth year, assuming that they passed the proposals of the board that day. Within the same period the sum of £79,342, representing profits earned by the company, would have been placed to reserve. Adding £239,650, the total of the dividends paid out during those ten years, and the £5,771 they proposed to carry forward to next year, they arrived at a grand total of £374,764 earned by the company during the first ten years of its existence. In other words, the business had shown an earning power of 75 per cent. on its total capital within this one decade. Those figures, taken in conjunction with the fact for which the directors could vouch, that the general condition of the business to-day was as sound and healthy as ever, that the various departments of which it was composed were one and all satisfactory, that the stock had been carefully written down to a figure at once safe and conservative, and that the outlook for the coming year's trade as shown by the returns of the past two months was decidedly encouraging, gave, in the board's opinion, fair room for satisfaction. He was glad to say that the younger generation—in the persons of his two sons and his nephew—were going ahead satisfactorily, and the experience of the business they had been gathering, and were continuing to gather, added to the increasing responsibilities gradually thrown upon them, and upon all the important members of their excellent staff, enabled them to look forward with perfect confidence to the future development of their business.

Proceeding, the Chairman said it was satisfactory to note that some of their increased profits this year had come from the Continent—France, Germany, Austria, Italy—where competition might be said to be keenest, and where true artistic productions were always appreciated. It spoke well for the estimation in which their publications were held that they had achieved this result in countries acknowledged as art leaders, and therefore well able to appreciate good, meritorious work. Their over-seas trade also continued to exhibit satisfactory expansion, while their home trade was well maintained, despite the inroads attempted to be made upon it by the dumping on the market of inferior productions at cut prices. Dealing with the company's various departments, he said that their Christmas cards, in conjunction with birthday, Easter, and other greeting cards, continued in the forefront of such publications throughout the world, and picture postcards had now settled down into a steady trade. They issued a series of Coronation souvenirs and Coronation postcards, and he was pleased to say that these were not only received graciously by Royalty, but also met with a cordial reception on the part of the public. He then dealt with the company's picture department, art and toy novelties, &c., and, in conclusion, moved the adoption of the report and the payment of the proposed dividend.

Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A., seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. Gustave Tuck (vice-chairman) proposed the re-election of the retiring directors—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Parsons, R.A.

Mr. Reginald Tuck seconded the motion, which was carried.

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